★ July 14, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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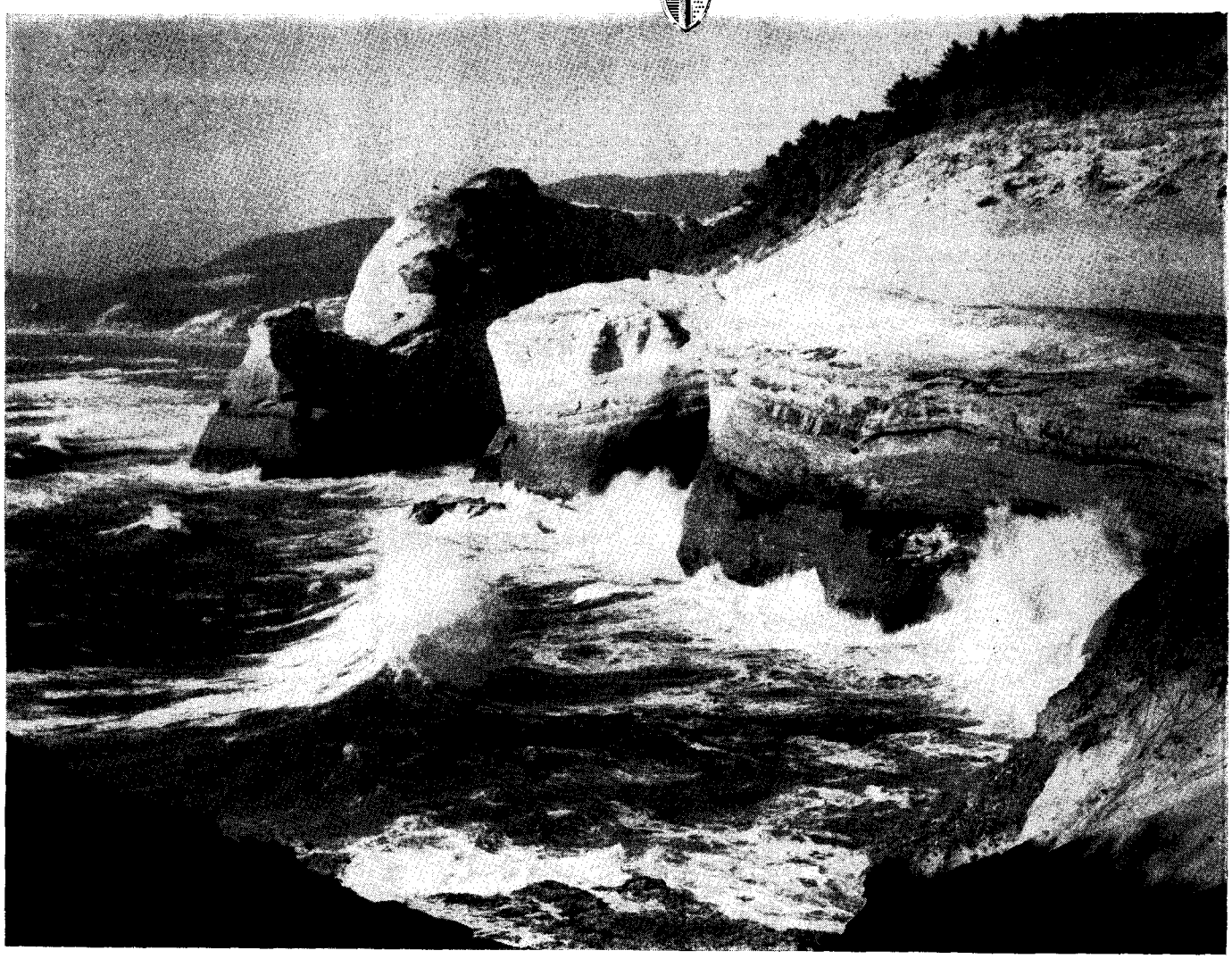

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sir Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., July 14.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., July 14.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina (to be replaced by Wilma Spence on Mon., July 16), Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. Opens Wed., July 18. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs being practically a whole show in themselves, plus Josh White and Beatrice Kraft being practically ditto. Also, Edmond Hall's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny; songs by Ann Hathaway through Mon., July 16; and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Phil Moore's orchestra will be replaced by John Kirby's on Tues., July 17.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternate on the stand in the Persian Room; Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Nat Brandwynne's stately orchestra and a show involving Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals. On Thurs., July 19, there will be a new show headed by Jane Pickens, and George Olsen's orchestra will play for dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Blue Angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. Closes for the summer on Sat., July 14. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Enric Madriguera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and a better-than-usual show, with Russell Swann and Mitzi Green. . . . **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Harry James' orchestra, to be replaced by Gene Krupa's on Mon., July 16. . . .

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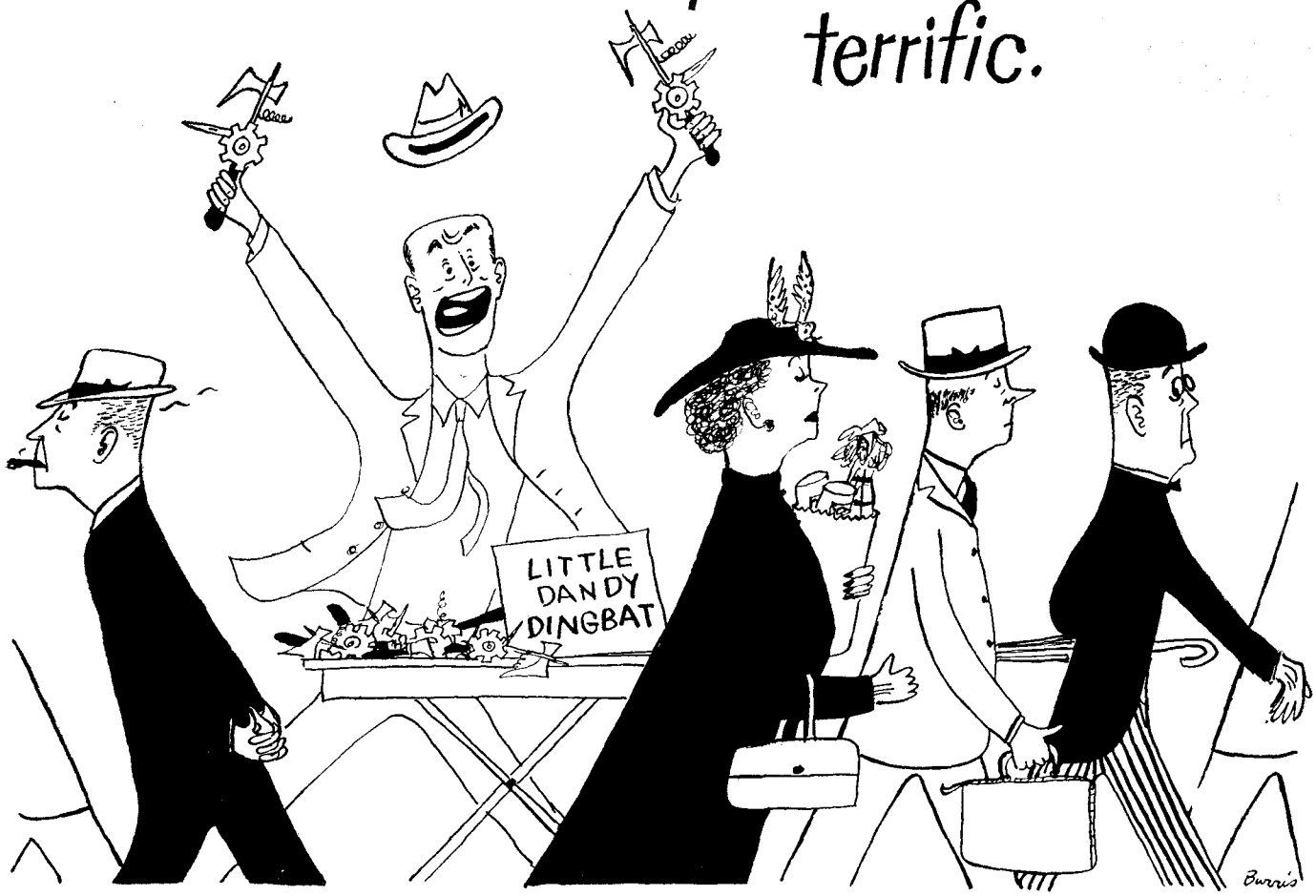
When the mad rush begins... competition will be terrific.



Wages will stay high—competition will be terrific. To remain in business and maintain full employment, manufacturers must use the most efficient machine tools obtainable. Scrap the old machines and cut production costs. There's the case of a manufacturer whose purchase of a Jones & Lamson Turret Lathe nets him a saving of $700 to $1000 per month on a single part. This is but one of many similar cases.

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THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra, to be replaced by Woody Herman's on Mon., July 16. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the BOSSERT, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): spécialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett's band, Al Casey's new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

AL FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

AARON BOHRAD—Water colors of war scenes in France and the South Pacific: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 20.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

GROUPS—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . 67 GALLERY, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 27. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., July 14. . . . KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 13. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 27. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery's group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rodríguez. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 20. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 20. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, James Lechay, and others. Tues. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 27. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: work in various mediums by gallery members. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 27. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57: summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through July 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over two hundred prints in the annual International Salon of Photography: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., July 15.

FRED E. ROBERTSON—Semi-naïve paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 14.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 12-13; Ignace Strasfogel conducting, Sat. and Sun., July 14-15; Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Mon. through Fri., July 16-20; Sigmund Romberg conducting, Sat., July 21. Highlights: all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, July 12; Carl Stern, cello, July 14; Michael Rosenker, violin, July 15; Alexander Brailowsky, piano, July 16; Erica Morini, violin, July 19; Robert Merrill, baritone, and Victoria Schools, soprano, July 21. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—John J. Niles, folk singer, Thurs., July 12; Sigismond Stojowski, piano, Fri., July 13; Karin Branzell, mezzo-soprano, Tues., July 17; Mack Harrell, baritone, Wed., July 18; Alfred Mirovitch, piano, Thurs., July 19; Josef Raieff, piano, Fri., July 20. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Judge Leopold Prince conducting; soloist, Emanuel List, bass: Sat., July 14, at 8:30 P.M.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sat., July 12-14, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun., July 15 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., July 16-17, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. through Fri., July 18-20, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 21, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 13; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., July 20. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—L.I.G.A. Championship, Hempstead G.C., Hempstead, L.I.: qualifying rounds, Thurs. and Fri., July 12-13; match play rounds, Sat. and Sun., July 14-15. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship, Hendricks Field G.C., Belleville, N.J.: qualifying rounds, Sat. and Sun., July 14-15; finals, starting Sat., July 21. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Beers Memorial, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, N.Y., Fri., July 20. . . . N.J. State G.A. Amateur-Pro Medal Play Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Fri., July 20.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., July 14. (The Dwyer and the Great American, July 14.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Empire City meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays, at 1:30 P.M., starting Mon., July 16. (Yonkers Handicap, July 16; East View Stakes, July 18; the Empire City, July 21.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TROTTING—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regatta on the Sound, Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun., July 15, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

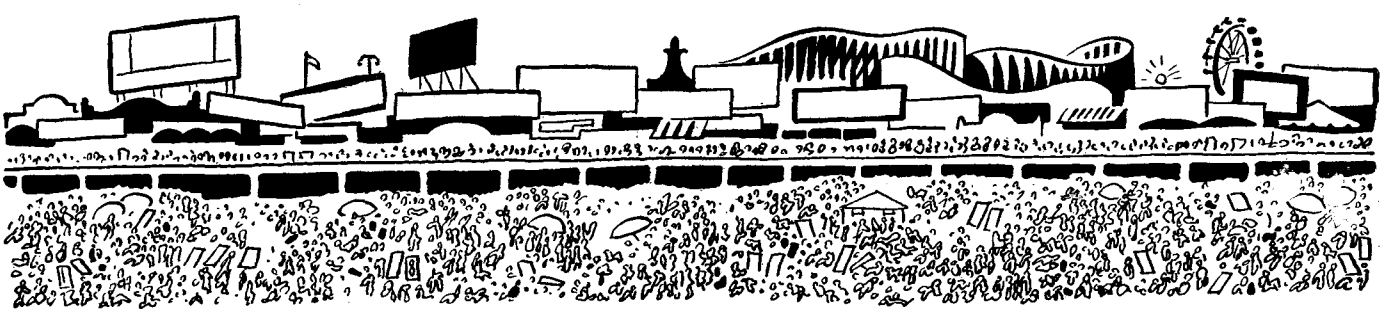
WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., July 14, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell con-



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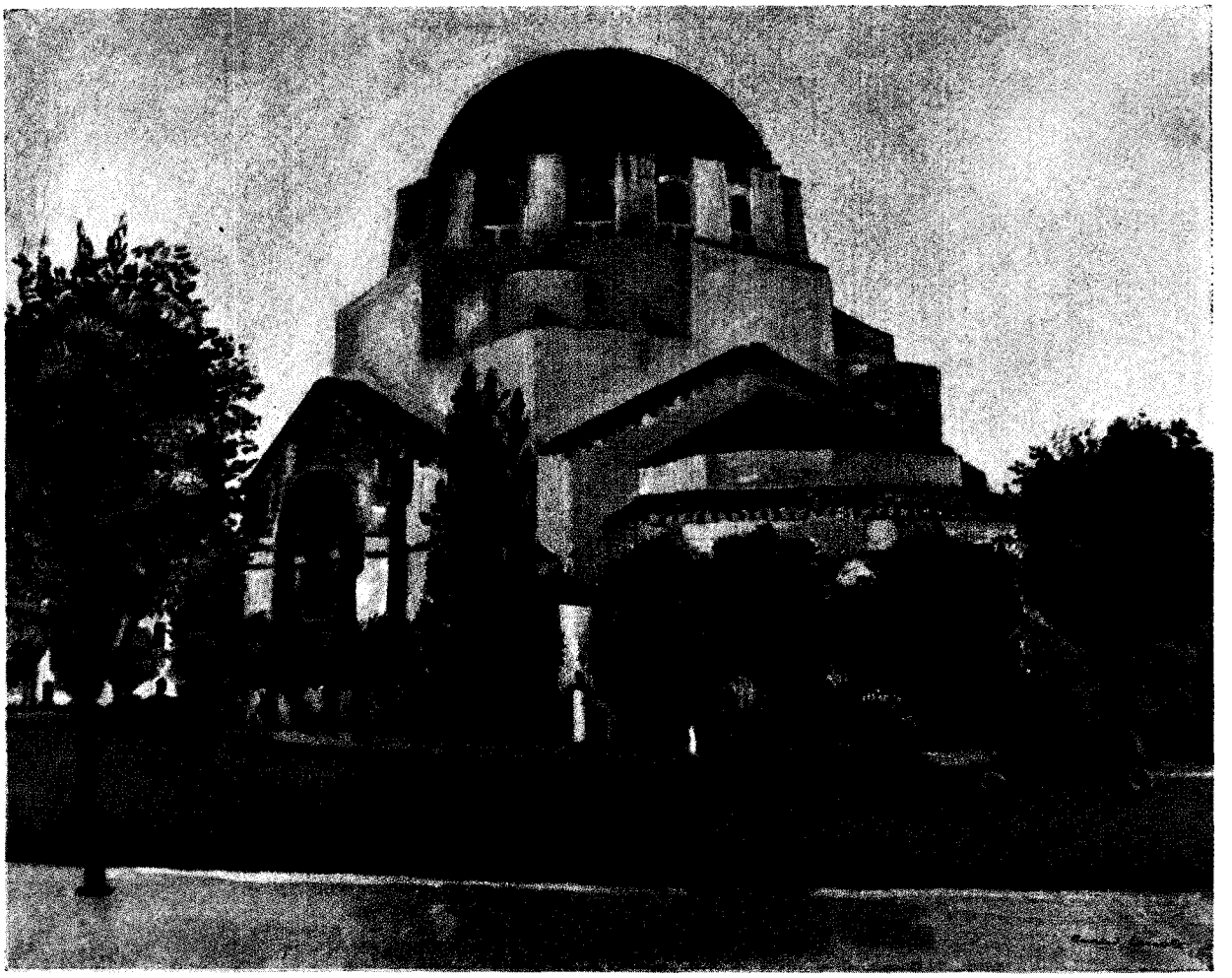
On Wings of Hope

Today — as through the centuries — earnest, spoken vows of constancy and love echo from holy walls . . . to stir young hearts with living hope . . . to forge brave dreams of a new and better world. For a young couple thus married, the memory of the moment is an inspiration through all their lifetime. Often such memories are kept bright and ever warm in the joyous flame of the engagement diamond that sealed their faithful promise.



"The Temple Emanu-El," at San Francisco, with its great central dome in the Levantine style, is one of the most stately in the world. Painted for the De Beers collection by Bernard Lamotte.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT $85 to $150

ONE-HALF CARAT $190 to $375

ONE CARAT $540 to $835

TWO CARATS $1375 to $2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

N. W. AYER & SON

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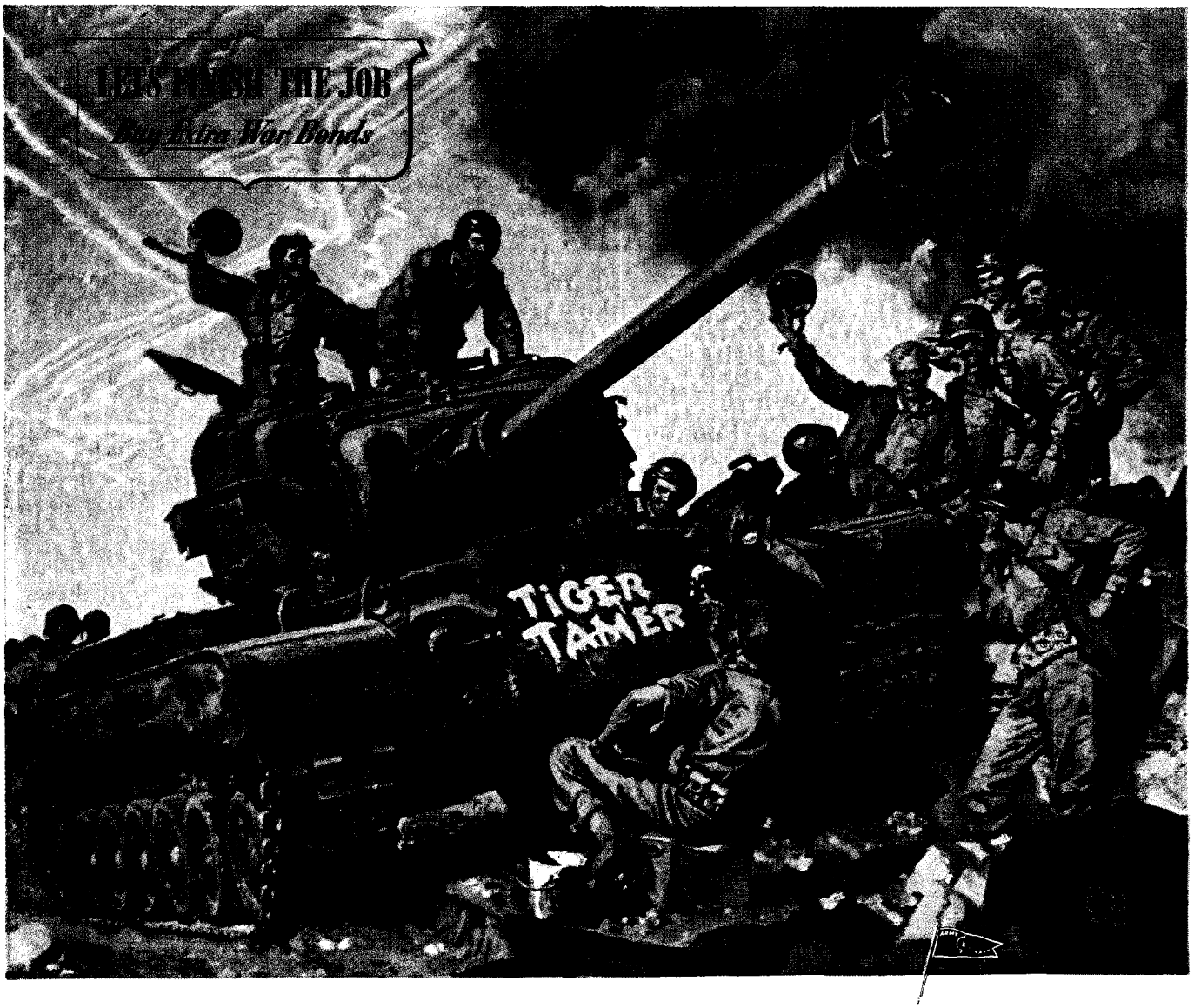

The Army-Navy "E" flies above ten Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft, tank and naval ordnance production.

IN ON THE KILL

IT fought its way through the Ruhr and up to the Rhine—this new 45-ton land fortress by Fisher.

And right there at the crucial Remagen bridge, two "Tiger Tamers" shelled the town, blew up a train, and helped disperse the demolition engineers. They played star parts in the dramatic thrust that poured across the bridge, and pierced the heart of an army.

The M-26 "Tiger Tamer" was designed and engineered by Fisher Body in cooperation with Army Ordnance development engineers. Its 90-millimeter gun, heavier armor and wider treads make it the most powerful tank we have ever built. It is the latest and best of more than 18,500 fast tanks and tank destroyers by Fisher.

Fisher Body craftsmanship is responsible for this record. All the skills and techniques inherent in the Fisher Body organization were long ago turned to the making of the best armament possible — tanks, bombers, big guns, sensitive flying instruments and other ordnance.

And the "Body by Fisher" emblem stands for fine craftsmanship on every piece of this armament just as it always has stood and always will stand for fine craftsmanship in the Bodies by Fisher on all General Motors cars.

• • •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

armament BODY BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting, Sun., July 15, at 3 P.M., WABC.... Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 13 and 20, and Wed., July 18, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.... Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., July 14, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.... Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 14 and 21, at 5 P.M., WJZ.... Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., July 16, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Racing: the Dwyer, Sat., July 14, at 4 P.M., WABC.... Boxing: Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., July 13; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., July 20; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR.... Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ.... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC.... Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA.... Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR.... Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC.... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR.... Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF.... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR.... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC.... Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN.... Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., July 12.)

JUNIOR MISS—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

MURDER, MY SWEET—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.... Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 17-19.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a funny piece that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 12.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 14.... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., July 13-15.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., July 18-19.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 13.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Tues., July 13-17.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NOTE—"Now—the Peace," a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, will be shown at the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8, Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's version of the Felix Salten story. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., July 15-17.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 12.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 13-15.)

GASLIGHT (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 17-19.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prize-fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; tentative, Sun. through Tues., July 15-17.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., July 17-18.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., July 15-17.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW (1943)—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 12.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., July 17-18.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 18.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 16-17.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Alden, B'way at 67; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., July 17-18.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.)

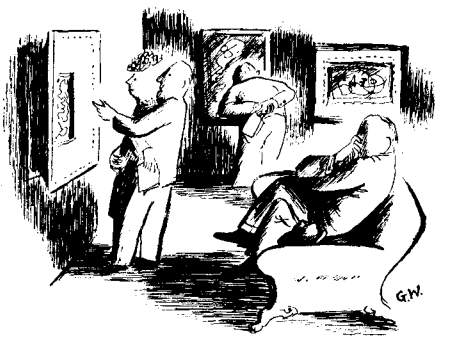
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., July 14-20.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., JULY 12:** two scenes from "The Jazz Singer" (1927), with Al Jolson; "Movietone Newsreel" (1927), with George Bernard Shaw; one sequence of "The Lights of New York" (1928); and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), Walt Disney film.... **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 13-15:** "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor.... **MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 16-19:** "Anna Christie" (1929), with Greta Garbo.... **FROM FRI., JULY 20:** "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICEMEN—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child care centers.... **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work as much time as they can spare, during the day, sorting and packing clothing to be sent overseas; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.)... **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic and library aides; men to work as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as orderlies in wards.... **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.



NOTE—The New York City Defense Recreation Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for service personnel on furlough in the city.

HARVESTERS—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment.... The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8).... The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitals for veterans who wish to start collections.... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050).... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.... Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

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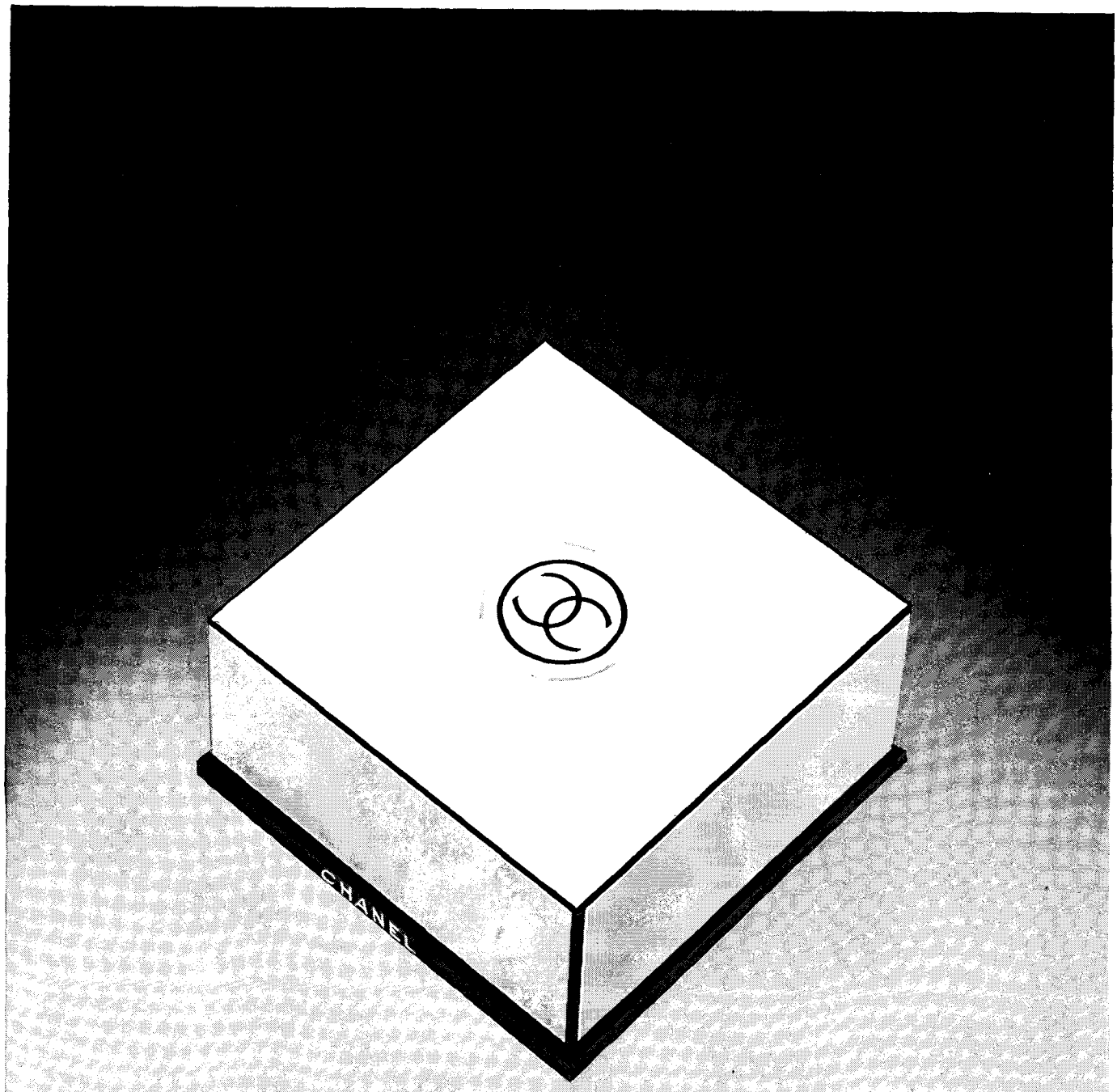

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WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

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Well may any lady be proud of having her picture in color on two-and-one-half million copies of FARM JOURNAL. That's half a million more than any other rural magazine prints. Better still, look at the quality of FARM JOURNAL'S contents. Not only latest farming news but women's fashions up to date, recipes and ideas for making farm homes more convenient and attractive. Also pages for youth. The whole family reads FARM JOURNAL.

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FARM JOURNAL editors are able to make so interesting a magazine because they are travelling all the time, talking to farm people and finding out what they like to read. Other FARM JOURNAL people are studying the farm market, learning what farmers will buy and what's the best way to sell to them. Together they have accumulated a wealth of data that's valuable to anyone who hopes to do business with the rural trade. Ask FARM JOURNAL. If we don't have the answer, we know where to find it.

OF THE *First Four* GENERAL MAGAZINES *One* COVERS THE RURAL MARKET

GRAHAM PATTERSON, *Publisher*
Washington Square, Philadelphia 5

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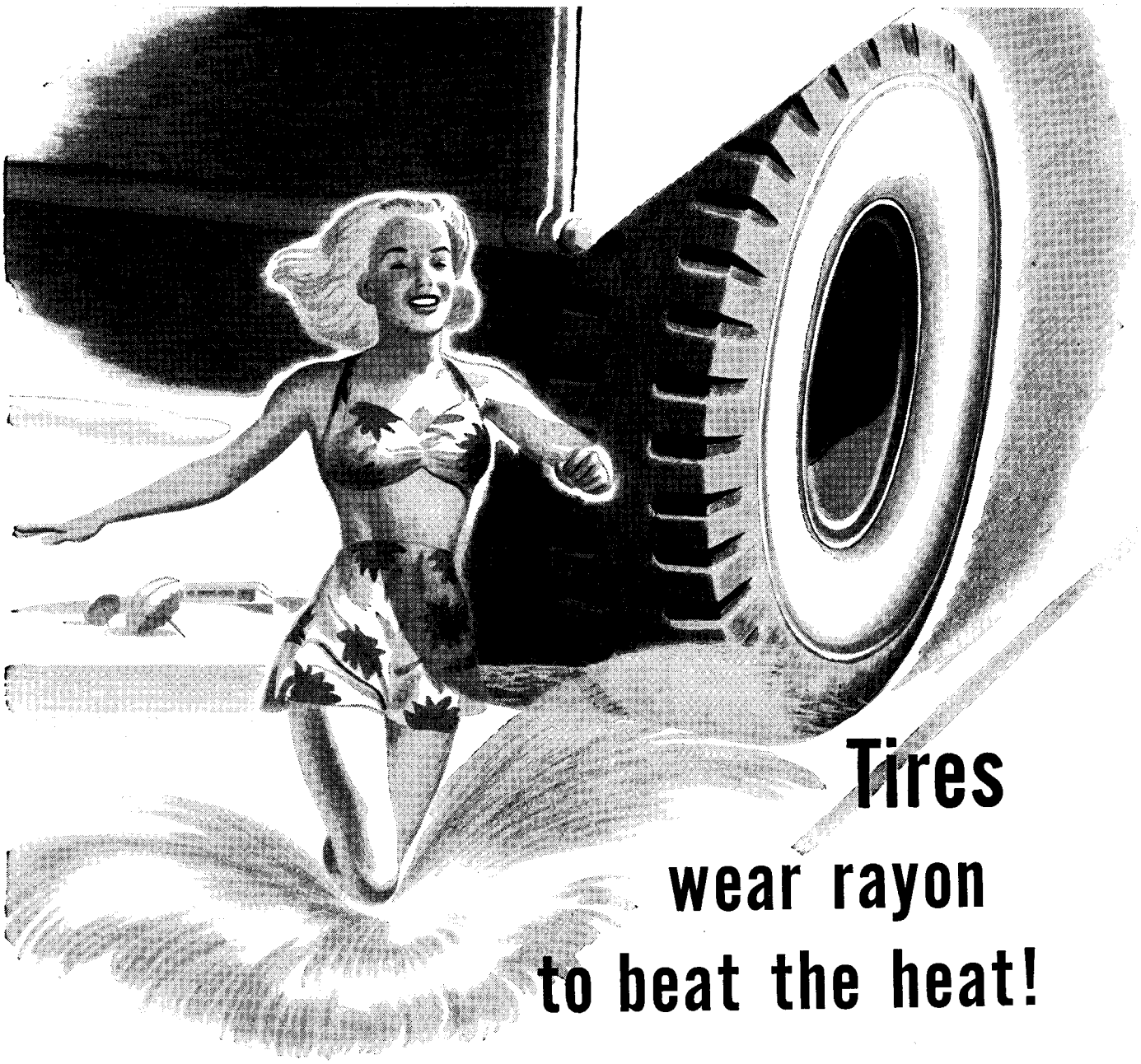

Tires wear rayon to beat the heat!

HEAT . . . friction heat . . . is a tire's worst enemy. It eats up rubber . . . weakens construction . . . causes tires to bruise easily, often to blow out.

Lowering the temperature of a tire by only a few degrees means a marked improvement in tire performance. A rayon-cord tire will naturally run cooler by approximately ten degrees . . . in tires of *equal thickness*. Moreover, a rayon-cord tire requires less rubber for comparable service. Since less rubber means cooler running, rayon cord achieves an even further reduction in tire heat.

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AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

HE gets supplies by paper parachute

SHE helps provide the paper

PAPER parachutes, dropped from planes, carry vital supplies to men in advanced positions. This is only one of the 700,000 military needs for which paper is used.

Women help provide this paper by *salvaging* every scrap of household paper, as well as newspapers and magazines. They delve into attics and cellars for accumulations of dormant paper such as old periodicals and discarded books.

As purchasing agents for the home, women help, too, by *conserving* paper—by carrying home many items unwrapped, eliminating the need for precious paper bags and wrappings.

They know that paper is *America's No. 1 War Material Shortage.*

McCall's a Powerful Influence in 3,500,000 Homes

Paper salvage is only one of the many forms of cooperation with the war effort to which McCall's Magazine is conditioning its readers. In war as in peace, women in 3,500,000 homes look to this magazine each month for inspiration and guidance.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper and much of that is salvaged for re-use. McCall Corporation, along with other publishers, has instituted practices which are saving thousands of tons of paper. Because there are not enough McCall's to go around, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with friends.)

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

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WE ASKED: # Why did you buy Fluorescent Light for your Home ?

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"FLUORESCENT LIGHTING SAVES ME MONEY..."

22.2%

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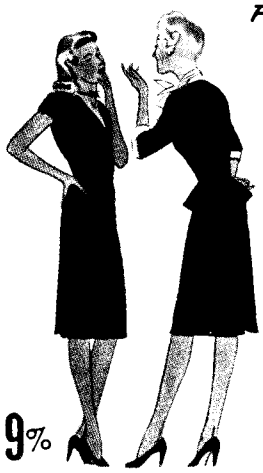

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* *Such as over desks, sinks, work bench; for sewing, shaving, etc.*

Note: *Figures add up to more than 100% because some people gave more than one answer.*

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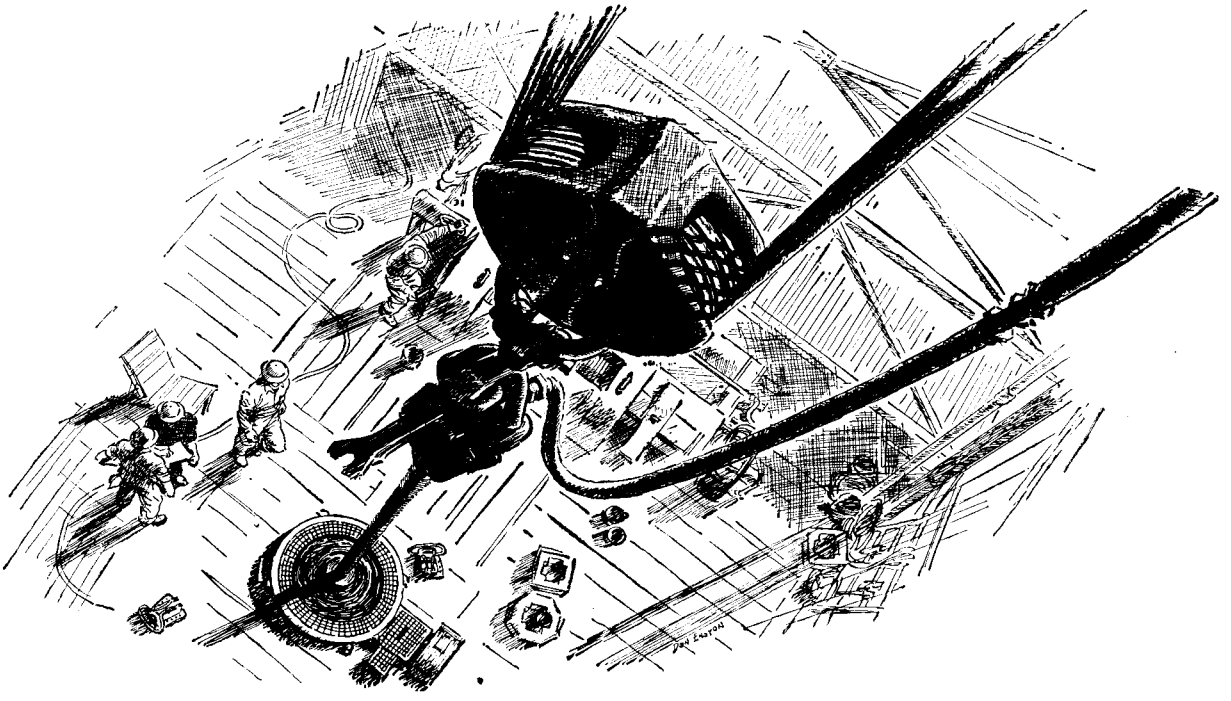
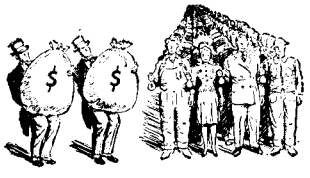
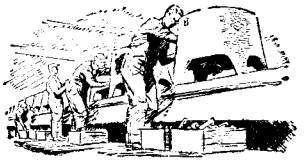


$2.10 to drill an oil well?



1 Yes—the average oil well, drilled by Union Oil in California, costs $65,888. If you divide that expense between two men, it would cost them $32,944 apiece. But if you divide it among 31,375 people, as we do, the average cost to each person is only $2.10.



2 For Union Oil Company is owned not by one man, or two, but by 31,375 men and women. In this principle of *multiple ownership* you have the secret of America's amazing ability to produce more goods (at lower prices) than any other nation on earth.

3 Before the machine age, when everything from shoes to rifles was made by hand, almost any business could be financed and operated by one man. But with the advent of mass production techniques, many businesses began to require more equipment than any one man could finance.

4 In the early 1890's, for example, you could drill an oil well in the California fields for about $2,500. Today, because we go so much deeper and need such expensive equipment, *it costs almost 26 times as much.* Furthermore, the chances of getting oil in an exploratory well are *only 1 in 12.*

5 Obviously, you can't finance that kind of operation for very long unless you pool the money *of a lot of people.* Now some countries form these pools by government ownership. But in America we do it under legal agreements known as *corporations.* For that way we can preserve the *freedom* of the individual . . .

6 . . . the efficiency of a free economy and that all-important human incentive—*competition.* Apparently those factors are worth preserving. For while our system isn't perfect yet, it has given us the highest standard of living and the greatest capacity for production the human race has ever known.

UNION OIL COMPANY
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Germaine Monteil

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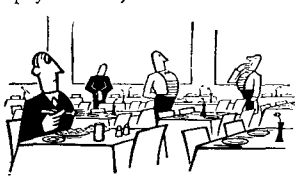
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

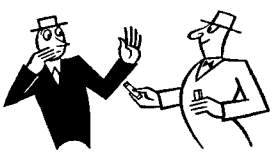
Notes and Comment

IT used to be different, New York in summer. There was an emptying out, and the city had a sultriness which Alec Templeton once set down in music. Those who remained in town were members of a queer club—die-hards to whom an electric fan was sweeter than a mountain breeze. There was plenty of time in New York in summer, plenty of time. The mornings were bright and sadistic, and you walked on asphalt Jello as you crossed the street to buy a book to take to the office (so you would have a book to take home from the office). Heat and fumes accumulated from day to day in the arcades like trash accumulating in a slattern's kitchen. Heat built up strength among the buildings as it does in the tall grasses of a July field. Summer was the voluptuary's season and the time of the Peeping Tom. But the distinguishing quality used to be the laziness and emptiness: in the restaurant the empty table, in the theatre the



empty seat, everywhere the sense of loss but of gain, the feeling of loneliness but of intimacy, the sense of fidelity and you the faithful, you the one who knew the whole story of the city's year, not just part of the story. Now, in war, the summertime in town is crowded and strange; the heat the same, and the suffocation of the nights and the terribleness of the mornings, but on top of it all the full table, the full bus, the haste-in-heat, the business-in-hot-haste. There used to be a few mad dogs and Englishmen in the noon hour in the streets, and you joined them, feeling alternately mad and English. But this year, every hour is noon, everyone you meet seems either mad or English.

WE are in a position to announce a new crisis in dentistry. Perhaps you haven't heard, but the latest thing in the open-wide-please field is the use of plastics to fill cavities. The resulting inlays are said to be admirable. Admirable in all but one vital respect: a person who has a plastic filling in his mouth



can't chew gum, for the simple reason that the gum sticks to the filling. O brave new jaw, with Spearmint cleaving to the choppers as rockweed cleaves to the rock!

NOTE ON THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS IN OUR TIME: A young writer whose first novel has just appeared got a letter from one of the movie companies the other day. He opened it, with some nervousness, and read that they had seen his picture on the back of the jacket of his book, and would he be interested in a screen test?

THE Navy feels cramped in Annapolis and wants to buy the St. John's College campus, next door to the Academy. Secretary Forrestal says that acquisition of the thirty-two-acre plot is vital to national security. St. John's says that hanging on to its campus is vital to *its* security. It's a nice dispute. We rather doubt that anybody knows what is vital to national security any more, if indeed anyone ever did. The head of St. John's, Dr. Stringfellow Barr, is one of the people who believe that if the nation is to rest secure the world will have to have a federal government, and we imagine that his views permeate the air of the campus and give it life. This in itself may advance our national security. The Navy, on the other hand, quite naturally believes that national security is in the hands of the U. S. Navy, just as it always has been. Both views appeal to us. After all, there aren't many colleges that have a federalist f[illegible] president, and we shouldn't want [illegible]see one of them kicked around. And if another war should ever get under way, with mirrors hanging in the sky to turn the sun's rays upon us, our warships might easily be burned to a crisp before the Navy could weigh anchor. Who knows? Not Forrestal. Not Barr. Not us. That being the case, this is no time to evict a college, particularly one like St. John's. It is obvious what we owe the Navy in this war, but it is anybody's guess what we'll owe Dr. Barr if the next war can be prevented.

WE'RE against the idea that Germans shouldn't be allowed to read books glorifying war. This idea was included in a report of the Institute on Reëducation of the Axis Countries. War books, the report said, should be "kept out of reach" of the Germans. This seems a silly idea and an impractical one. For one thing, it would include an awful lot of books—everything from Homer down through Teddy Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders" to "Thirty Seconds over Tokio." We don't know just how you keep a book out of reach anyway. The Germans themselves tried to do it by burning the books, but it didn't really work, didn't put them out of reach. The books lived and the smoke drifted away. The people of Dayton, Tenn., tried the idea. The people of Boston keep trying it. It never works. It's just a very bad idea, to keep books out of reach. People

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should read everything, and that goes for German people. Libraries in the conquered countries should be enlarged, not expurgated. We hate to think what sort of culture would result from people bootlegging Caesar to their children.

Mademoiselle Vernier

WE suspect that it will not be long before the people who claim to have been leaders in the European underground will be as numerous, and as undocumented, as our own Southern colonels. As an example of the McCoy, we give you Catherine Noufflard, a vivacious, brunette French Army lieutenant now over here as a member of a good-will mission. She wears the insignia of the Second Moroccan Division, in which she served as interpreter while the division was attached to our Third Army, and in addition she has the Croix de Lorraine and the winged F.F.I. insignia in silver, indicating that she was one of the first thousand regular members of the organized resistance. She has been spending all her spare time over here eating chocolates in the bathtub. "Your soap is like modelling clay," she told us. "And your chocolates—*mon Dieu!*"

Geneviève Noufflard is our heroine's right name, but she called herself Catherine Vernier for underground purposes, and now retains the Catherine out of sentiment. She learned English at the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, where, before the Germans came, she was studying the flute. "In the early days of the occupation, I spat at the Boches, gave them wrong directions when they asked their way—all the little obvious things," she told us, crunching voluptuously on a chocolate. "But you get over that when you have real work to do—there is too much at stake to run the risk of getting into trouble. At first my sister and I hid many Jews, escaped soldiers, and Allied aviators in our apartment in Paris. We got a very ugly reputation in the neighborhood. But when I joined the F.F.I., in 1943, we had to stop that, too." Lieutenant Noufflard served first as a secretary to the general staff of the Franc-Tireurs et Partisans, then switched over to the F.F.I. She was mixed up in sabotage, guerrilla activity, preparation for the invasion, and the uprising in Paris which preceded the entrance of the Allied forces.

At the height of the uprising, Lieutenant Noufflard was the only woman in a group of four patriots who took over the Ministry of War in the name of the Free French. For this momentous occasion, the lieutenant wore a boy's shirt, a divided skirt of faded pink, and an F.F.I. armband. "I didn't even have a pocketbook," she told us, still disturbed at this flagrant lack of chic. "The four of us went through the barricades to the Ministry, and as we crept into the building, all we could hear were our own footsteps and the sound of rifles outside. We tiptoed up a marble stairway and into a big room full of crystal, and there were all the old generals, sitting around a mahogany desk, drinking champagne. You should have seen their eyes pop when we appeared, three men in overalls and I with my hair streaming down my face! We had suspected them of being perhaps a *soupçon* collaborationist, but they pretended to be very happy to see us, and we toasted the Allies with them in champagne. Some patriots were fighting a German tank down in the garden and bullets were coming in through the window, and the generals, with much bowing and *jolies choses*, formally turned the Ministry of War over to us. It was then three in the morning, and my colonel said we must have some rest—none of us had slept since the insurrection began, of course. I slept in the most beautiful room I ever saw, the bedroom of Napoleon's mother. I washed a little, then I found a piece of Ministry paper and wrote to my parents in Normandy. They hadn't known, of course, that I was connected with the underground. Imagine when they heard I was secretary to the general staff and had just captured the Ministry of War, when they had thought all along I was learning to play the flute at the Conservatoire!"

Bereft

AT a railroad station near one of the big Midwestern Army camps, a couple of very young Army wives boarded an eastbound train, loaded down with luggage and obviously headed for their husbands' next stop. "You know, I'm kind of sorry we had to leave," one of the little matrons said, dipping into a shoebox for a bite of early lunch. "I was just getting used to the funnies here."

Paine Restored

ON the Fourth of July we stood on the lawn outside the Thomas Paine cottage in New Rochelle as the Mayor of the town started to read a proclamation restoring to the Revolutionary patriot the rights of citizenship which he lost in 1806. There were about twenty-five people on hand for the ceremony, including W. E. Woodward, author of the recent biography of Paine, Joseph Lewis, executive secretary of the Thomas Paine Memorial Committee, photographers from the *Times* and the *Tribune*, a disinterested motorcycle cop, and a small boy who pranced about thwacking fitfully on a drum. "Whereas," read the Mayor, who was flanked by Mr. Woodward and Mr. Lewis, "the fair city of New Rochelle did do a grave injustice to a great American patriot—" "Move a little to the left," the *Times* man said. As the Mayor obeyed, Mr. Woodward remarked, "You sure are a young feller to be a mayor. I expected to meet an old coot." The Mayor, who was done up in a creamy-brown ensemble and looked to be about thirty-five, smiled wanly, said he had a headache from entertaining some mayors from Canada in New York City, and tried again: ". . . grave injustice to a great American patriot, namely, Thomas Paine, 'America's Godfather,' author of 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis,' papers—" "The gentleman on the right," said the *Tribune* man, "could move back a little." Mr. Woodward backed up. The boy belted his drum furiously. A lady next to us observed, "If this were to honor some reactionary, everybody in Westchester County would be out here. Moses," she continued, "do I hate Pelham!" "By denying him," read the Mayor, "the vaunted privilege of citizenship and the right to vote in this city on the ground that as an honorary citizen of France he had lost his citizenship in his adopted land, and—" "The gentleman on the left," said the *Times* man, "could look more at the Mayor." Mr. Lewis duly shifted his gaze and announced firmly that as soon as the Mayor was finished, *he* was going to make a speech. At that point we drifted into the cottage to ask the caretaker for

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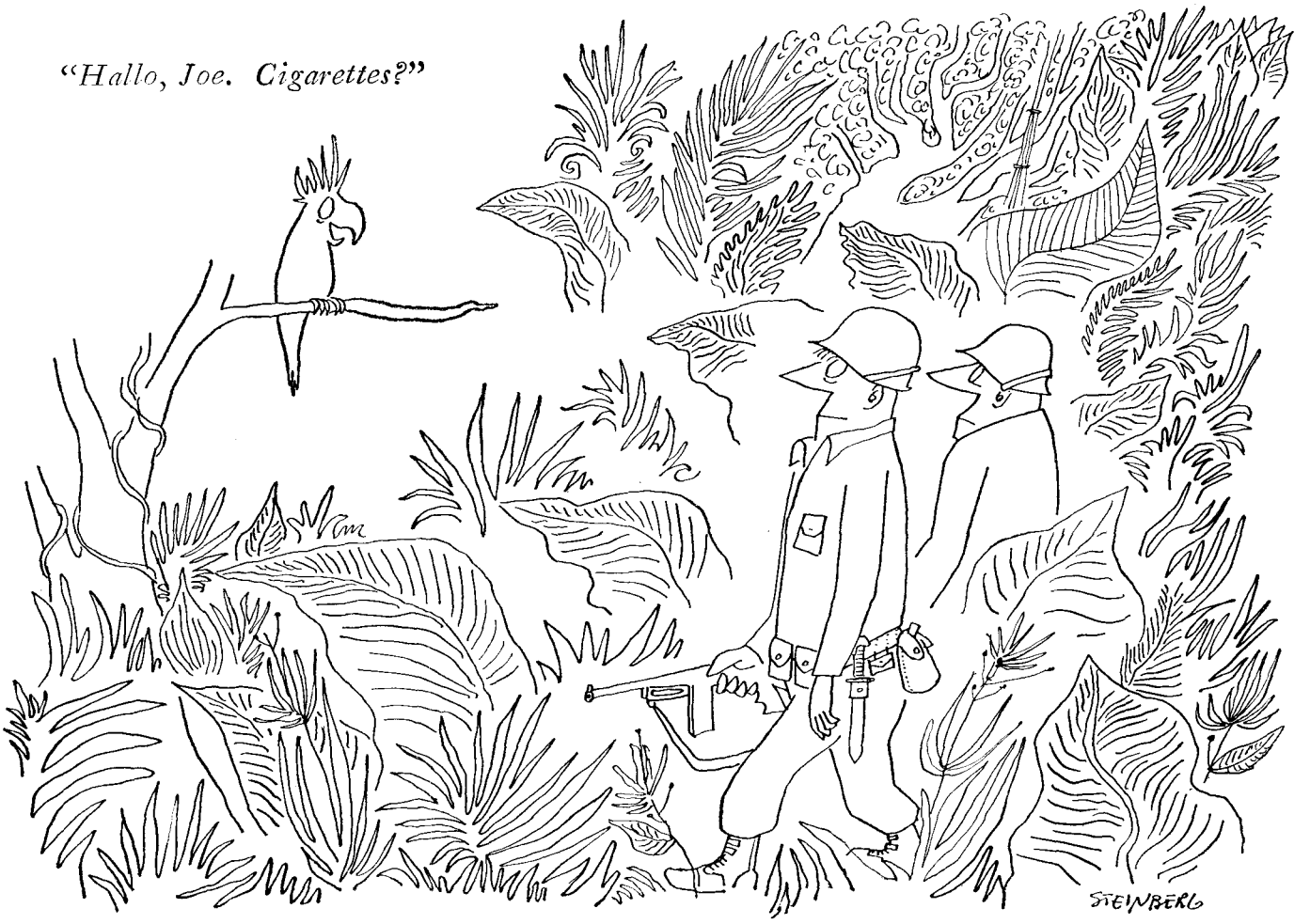
"*Hallo, Joe. Cigarettes?*"



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a glass of water. The caretaker was a young matron wearing glasses who remarked to us that nobody had told her anything about the celebration or else she'd have had the cottage all shined up. "Good thing I was here at all," she said. When we returned to the ceremony, Mr. Lewis was speaking, all right. He wound up by pointing out that our times, like Paine's, try men's souls. The gathering then proceeded to the Paine Memorial House nearby, and on the way over, we fell in with Mr. Lewis's wife, a Paine enthusiast.

"Sometimes I feel as if I were married to Paine," she told us. "My husband isn't only interested in Paine; he even looks like him. You know, every place you go in the world—Barcelona, Rome, Paris—people love Tom Paine, but in New Rochelle not even a band for him on Fourth of July. If folks around here would just visit the cottage once in a while, it would do them all good. Why, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman told me that it was from dropping in at the cottage and the museum that she became a liberal. She's a member of the Paine Memorial Committee now. One of the biggest things the committee intends to do is to get the statue dug up and erected in Paris." "What statue is that?" we inquired. "The statue Gutzon Borglum did of him," Mrs. Lewis explained. "My husband and I took it over to France on the Champlain in 1937. It was cast by Rudier, who did a great deal of casting for Rodin, but even then it looked as though Hitler was going to move on France, so the statue was never erected. It was buried in a secret spot by Rudier before the Nazis marched into Paris. The committee will dig it up and erect it in a park there next year. It will be one of the ten gilded statues in all Paris. When it goes up, it will be a big day for Painites everywhere."

When we reached the museum, Mr. Woodward inscribed a copy of his "Tom Paine: America's Godfather" for the library of the institution while the Mayor moved into the rear of the main room, where we heard him saying to a committee member, "I think this proclamation was supposed to have been read in the museum instead of at the cottage. Maybe I'd better read it to you to make it official for sure." "O.K.," said the committee member. "Whereas," read the Mayor, "the fair city of New Rochelle . . ."

Humanitarian

A LADY strolling in Morningside Park was stopped by another lady, middle-aged, well dressed, and obviously distressed. "Look!" the second lady said, pointing to the ground. The first lady looked, and saw a large beetle. "It's just a beetle," she said. "It won't hurt you." "I know *that*," the other lady said. "But he's on his back. Do you think he wants to be turned over?"

Our Own Baedeker

WE take our readers now to the China coast—specifically, to the maritime province of Fukien. The Japs made a landing in this region about a week ago, and it has been mentioned often by armchair strategists as a likely spot for a landing of our own. It's become all the likelier, of course, since the Chinese forces opened up Foochow, the capital and biggest port of the province. Fukien, whose name means "happy es-

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"United States Weather Bureau forecast for New York City and vicinity: 10:30 A.M. temperature 72 degrees, humidity 56 per cent. This afternoon, clear to partly cloudy. Highest temperature 80 to 85. Moderate southerly winds . . ."

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tablishment," is about the size of Pennsylvania, whose name means "Penn's woods." It is separated from the rest of China by almost impassable mountain ranges; until 1933, when the Chinese government began building military roads thereabouts, the only way to get in and out of Fukien was by four footpaths over the mountains. As a result of this isolation, the Fukienese developed their own special characteristics. Their cuisine is equalled only by the Cantonese, they have slender hands and feet, and their I.Q.s are consistently high. Of two hundred and eighty-two biographies included in the great Chinese historical work, "Words and Deeds of Famous Men of Chinese History," one hundred and sixty-one are of Fukienese.

Fukien was settled comparatively late in China's long history. It bobs up first in the Imperial records of around 200 B.C., when it was known as the Land of the Southern Barbarians. Just what race the aborigines belonged to is a mystery. Anyway, by the middle of the ninth century A.D., it was a stop on China's great international trade routes, and by the sixteenth century it was a province. Marco Polo spent some time in Fukien, and in his memoirs mentions the tigers and beautiful women that abounded there. Blanc de chine, white porcelain made in Fukien, created something of a sensation in Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the real sensation was the discovery, by Europeans and Americans, of the region's tea, particularly Foochow oolong. For centuries the early shoots of Foochow oolong, which were thought to be especially fragrant, were sent by runners over the mountains to the Emperors at Peiping. In addition to exporting tea, the province does a lively domestic business in bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and camphor. Foochow is the home of the famous Sing family, who hold the secret formula for making gold lacquer ware.

There are thirteen million Fukienese, more or less; they have seven dialects, none of which means much outside the province. As for fauna, there are monkeys, tigers, wild boars, leopards, wild dogs, otters, turtles, anteaters, eight kinds of poisonous snakes, and eighteen-inch-high deer which bark at night. There's a tribe of Fukienese, the San Taks, who believe themselves to be the descendants of a dog-headed man. Once a year they gather in family groups, lock themselves in their houses, get down on all fours carrying bones, and run around the dining-room table barking. There's also a tribe which lives on houseboats in Foochow harbor; none of the members may own property ashore or marry a shore-dweller. All this is supposed to be a punishment for some long-forgotten misdemeanor, and the case is recommended to the attention of Morris Ernst. A drowning man is out of luck in Fukien; the people won't rescue him for fear of annoying the water devils. As early as 300 B.C. the Fukienese, supposedly, knew the secret of anesthesia. They are said to have used a jasmine-root extract which kept a person under for as long as two days. The Fukienese are great ones for parades, an important feature of which is live snakes. They play the numbers game and believe that a corpse should be buried in two more coats than the total number of pants it has on; that is, if the corpse is wearing eleven pairs of pants—which would not be unusual—it should have thirteen coats.

Bulletin

A FORGETFUL lady we know recently telephoned police headquarters to inquire if a petit-point cigarette case she thought she had left in a taxicab had been turned in. (The case was full and she was anxious about it.) She was turned over to the Lost Property clerk, who wasn't able to help her. "No cigarette case," he said. "But we do have an airplane and some boats—and a brown-spotted horse." The lady mumbled something or other and was about to hang up when Lost

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Properties added, "The horse, incidentally, was minus a harness."

No News

UNTIL the strike got under way, the *Times*' circulation manager, Mr. Schleigh, had been concerned principally with broad business policies; afterward, he was concerned exclusively with pennies. Pausing only for an occasional nap or ice-cream cone, he kept travelling between his office on the sixth floor and the emergency newsstand set up near the loading platforms on Forty-third Street. On the way up, he'd carry pails full of silver and small bills; on the way down, pails full of pennies for making change. Net paid circulation at this stand had been fluctuating between thirty-five thousand on the hot days and seventy thousand on a cool day, we were told when we surveyed the scene. "You wouldn't think it was possible," Mr. Schleigh stated. "You wouldn't think it was *possible*." The newsstand was manned by a dozen or so of Mr. Schleigh's assistants. They sold Sunday's paper on Thursday, Monday's and Tuesday's on Wednesday, and even Thursday's on Thursday. They had lost all sense of time, and presumably much of their contact with sanity. "Sure, it's all right to buy two," they said, and, "Sorry, we can't give you the results in the seventh at Suffolk Downs —you'll have to buy a paper," and "No, dammit, we do *not* sell the *Daily News*." They sold fifteen hundred copies in three minutes one night.

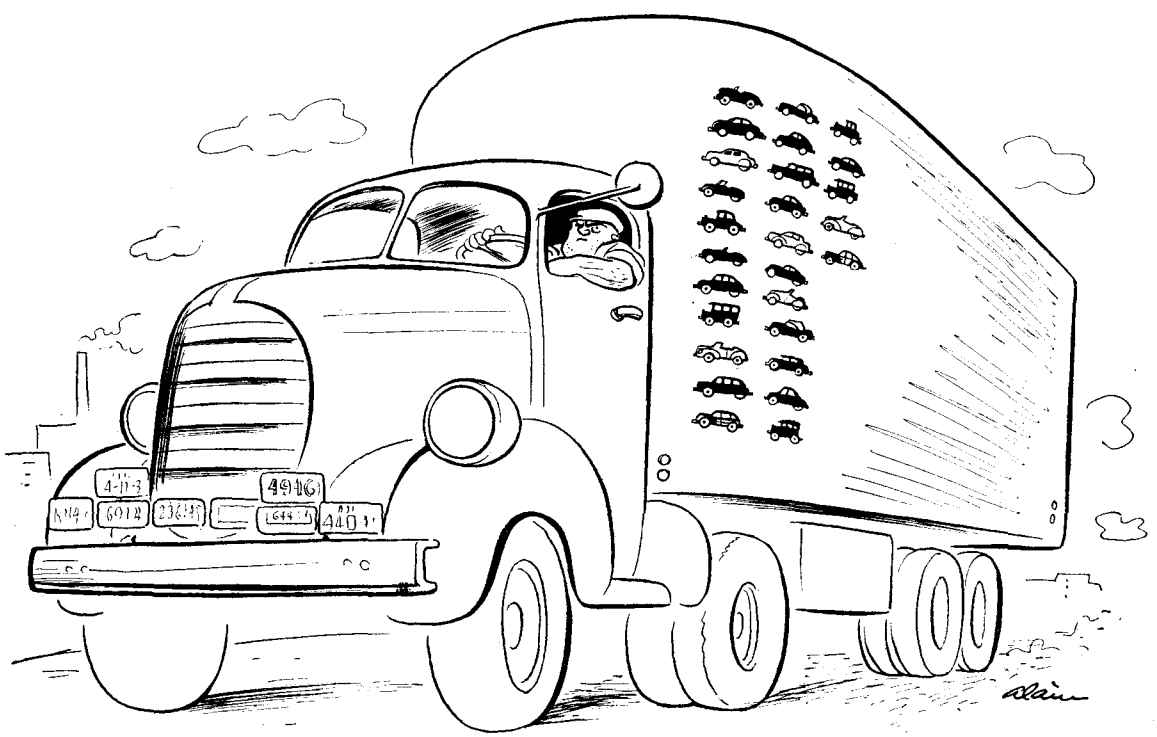
The day city editor reacted to the strike by forgetting to wear his Phi Beta Kappa key the first day, but he remembered to warn his staff: "There will still be just as many complaints about inaccuracies." The night cable editor, who was handling the landings on Borneo as he drifted by us, sadly remarked into the air, "It's like preparing a speech and talking into a dead mike. It's like an actor reciting his lines in the bathroom." "Never mind," said a man from the morgue. "It'll all get on microfilm, anyway." One of the reporters, a veteran of twenty years' service, whom we interviewed, was still shattered by the experience of coming into the city room the first night of the strike and finding it dark and deserted. "I was dumfounded," he said for the record. "For the first time in twenty years the lights were out."

Eighty people had called the *Times* to tell the management that there was a strike on, and an infinite number had called to ask where they could buy the *News*. (Or that's what they told us. The *Times* seemed not to have considered the possibility that some of them were merely saying, "Where can I get the news?") Of the people who bought their *Times* at the building, a surprising number merely tore out the obituary page and threw the rest away. One old gentleman drove down from New Haven for his paper, then solicited the *Times* for help in getting gas coupons for the trip. "Give me the *Times* or give me death!" a fierce fellow exclaimed on Independence Day, putting down his three cents, taking a *Times*, and walking off alive. Mr. James, the managing editor, was just a tiny bit unhappier than he might have been in the circumstances, because his secretary was away having a baby, and a lot of the people who had called up wanting to know where they could get the *News* (or the news) had been put through to him. A few people called and wanted the switchboard girls to skim through the front page for their benefit, but by and large the switchboard staff did not regard itself as in an emergency. Mary Ann Timmons, who has been on the *Times*' switchboard for twenty-seven years and is described by some as the best switchboard operator in the world, said there had been nothing that could properly be termed a flood of calls. "Rumors are what give us trouble," she said. "Rumors are much worse than facts. I'd like to meet that Senator Connally. We got twelve thousand calls the first hour and a half after he made that false peace announcement on April twenty-eighth."

Mr. Duffy, who writes the material projected on the *Times* electric bulletin board, was frankly excited by his increased audience. "I'm pleased that so many people are counting on me," he told us. "And I don't mind putting in the notice that papers are for sale on Forty-third Street." The boys in the composing room were, as always, composed. "We throw the type in, that's all," a spokesman said. "You think we got to read it, too?"

Skeptic

ONE of the agents we have on duty in the Third Avenue taverns watched a man spread a series of photographs of a baby on the bar in front of his drinking companion, and he prepared to move away if the conversation got into a too sentimental stride. It didn't, though. "In this one," the man said, "he looks like that actor Donald Meek. In this one he looks like Mayor O'Brien. And in this here latest one, he looks like Herbert Hoover." The man took a long, thoughtful swallow of his drink. "I don't think," he said gloomily, "the poor little bastid's ever going to look like a baby."



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THE MUSEUM

MRS. CHADWICK, standing in front of the dresser mirror in the hotel room, gave her hat a final tug and turned to her son, Gerald. He was sixteen, of medium height, frail, and sallow, and he had lacklustre blue eyes. He stood at the window, hands in the pockets of his flannel trousers, looking down into Chicago's State Street.

"You have your book and the magazines," said Mrs. Chadwick. "You *can* keep yourself amused, can't you?"

"I'll be all right," said Gerald.

"Are you sure you don't want to come with me? Marshall Field's is a wonderful store."

"Gosh, I'm tired, Mother."

"Don't say 'gosh,' Gerald."

He turned around. "I mean, you know I'd like to, Mother, but I have a sort of headache." He passed slender fingers lightly over his brow.

"Of course, after the long train ride," said Mrs. Chadwick. "You just sit comfy there by the window, where the light's good, and I'll be back as soon as I can." She picked up a pamphlet from the dresser. "Look, here's a guide to points of interest. You read through it and decide what you'd like to see and tomorrow I'll take you."

Gerald accepted the pamphlet. She turned a flaccid, powdered cheek to him and he kissed it.

"You can take off your coat if you'll feel more comfortable," she said.

She picked up her brown suède pocketbook from one of the twin beds and put it under her arm as she went to the door. "Remember, now," she said, turning, a gloved hand on the knob, "if anybody knocks, don't open. Just ask who it is, and if they say they have a message, or something like that, tell them to leave it at the desk."

"Oh, Mother."

"I don't care, Gerald. I know what Chicago's like."

"But you said I'd learn something here."

"Chicago is a metropolis with cultural attractions which could not help but be beneficial to a boy your age. We'll attend them. But at the same time, goodness knows we aren't wealthy, but I *do* dress well, and I dress you well, and anybody seeing us cross the lobby might easily have got the notion that we're wealthy."

"But, Mother, the Palmer House! Nobody's going to—"

"You don't know, Gerald. This isn't Mason City. You simply don't know how much racketeering and kidnapping there is."

"I guess I can read."

"I may sound foolish, but it's what you least expect that usually happens. I don't want to make you uneasy. I'm *sure* you'll be all right."

Gerald grimaced.

"Don't be difficult, Gerald," she said. "You know I'm thinking only of your own good. If you'll just promise you won't open the door to anyone, I can shop without worrying."

"All right."

She smiled and went out, pulling the door until the lock clicked.

GERALD looked at his wrist watch, then, sitting down in an easy chair, he thumbed through the pamphlet. Planetarium. Field Museum of Natural History. Grant Park. Art Institute. Civic Opera. Wrigley Building. Train schedules. Bus schedules. Street map. Lakeshore Drive. He flipped the pages listlessly.

He looked at his watch again. His mother had been gone ten minutes.

He got his hat from the closet and put it on in front of the mirror. He straightened his pale-blue tie. He thought he saw a blackhead between his eyebrows, and leaned close to the mirror and squeezed it. As he started for the door, his throat suddenly felt dry. He turned into the bathroom and ran a tumbler of water and gulped it down. Looking at himself in the bathroom mirror, he frowned at the rolled brim of his hat. He snapped down the right front edge. He walked briskly out of the bathroom, opened the bedroom door, peeked out, then slipped into the hall, pulled the door to, and walked swiftly to the elevators.

As he passed through the lobby, he veered away from the desk. He didn't want the desk clerks to see him. They, alone in this city, knew that he was from Iowa. He still couldn't see why his mother hadn't accepted his suggestion that they register as from New York or even Boston.

OUTSIDE, the afternoon traffic roar frightened Gerald momentarily. The peculiar light under the slate sky heightened the sense of menace. He turned left, up State Street. He didn't particularly care which way he went. The important thing was, he was on his own, and anything he met he would face alone.

He walked rapidly at first, but after a while found that he could thread his way among the pedestrians more easily if he adjusted his pace to the general movement. His eyes registered on his brain a clutter of faces, parts of arms, swinging legs, moving mouths, and he heard a medley of fragments of words and splinters of metallic noise. He was very excited.

He had walked several blocks when he became aware that somewhere along the way, perhaps after he passed under the elevated railway, the street had undergone a change. Now the stores were shabby—there were groceries with shelves of fruit in front, second-rate haberdasheries. There were fewer pedestrians and they were not as well dressed; some of the men were swarthy and rather evil-looking. The street had become more than a little disreputable to Gerald's eyes. His heart beat faster, but he kept going.

He passed a small jewelry store where an auction was being held. A man stood on a platform talking into a microphone, although his hearers were clustered within a few feet of him, and he was selling diamonds for two or three dollars. Gerald lingered in the doorway for a few minutes, then walked on.

He stopped in front of a movie. He stared at great, jagged cardboard cut-outs of a frothing wolf, of a woman's head with a man's hairy hands at her throat, of a man shooting down another man with an automatic. The cheesecloth banner overhead advertized a double feature, "The Wolf Man" and "Terror by Night."

Gerald hesitated, considering. It looked good, but he could contrive somehow or other to see these forbidden horror movies at home.

Farther on, he saw a smaller theatre across the street. He crossed over out of curiosity to see what was being shown. In glass cases flanking the entrance there were photographs of beautiful, practically nude girls. The show didn't have a name. The only sign was red-lettered on tin: "Men Only, 10 cents."

He stepped up to the box office and shoved a dime under the window and said to the orange-haired cashier, "One ticket, please."

"Ya don't need a ticket," said the

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"Watson, you and Jones get shovels! Brewster, you get the air-conditioning people on the phone at once!"

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girl. She tossed the dime into a cigar box.

At the door he passed a short, thin man wearing a maroon sports shirt and checked pants, who glanced at him sharply as he went in. He walked down a narrow, dark corridor. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and he wiped it away with the palm of his hand.

He came out into a bare room about thirty feet long and eighteen feet wide, not a great deal larger than the living room at home. Fifteen or twenty men were in the room. Most of them were leaning against the side walls, smoking and talking in low voices, or gazing indifferently toward a stage at the far end of the room. A fat man in a black suit stood on the stage, speaking in a thick voice. As he talked, he fumbled nervously with the handle of a pitcher of water on a little table beside him, and his glasses kept falling off his swollen nose and dangling at the end of a black ribbon until he fumbled them on again. As soon as Gerald became adjusted to the place, he discovered the man was delivering a lecture on venereal diseases. In a moment the man finished his talk and walked unsteadily off the stage.

"All right, gents," said someone.

Gerald turned. The short man in the maroon sports shirt was talking. He stood at the foot of a narrow stairway near the entrance to the room.

"That's all from the eminent doctor. And now, upstairs, we have arranged for your edification a scientific display unequalled in its eruditive qualities. It's of biological, anthropological, geological interest—an education in a capsule. This exhibit is strictly non-profit, but, to defray the expenses of the scientific association which gathered these rare and unique specimens, the nominal fee of ten cents will be charged. Step this way."

Even as he talked, the men in the room were filing past him and going silently up the stairs. Gerald looked back longingly at the stage and thought of the photographs out front. Reluctantly, he handed the man a quarter, got his change, and went up the stairs.

The upstairs room was badly lighted

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by two bulbs hanging from cords in the ceiling. Along the walls were a moth-eaten stuffed seal on a platform, a petrified man in an open coffin, a family of four plaster Indians wearing blankets and sitting around a red-tissue campfire, a stuffed squirrel on a plaster twig, and two showcases containing different-sized chunks of rock with long names typed on cards.

Gesturing with a pointer, the man in the maroon sports shirt began a circuit of the exhibit, talking rapidly in polysyllables. Gerald started to accompany him, but nobody else did, so he stopped. The other men stood about, shuffling their feet, two or three of them lighting fresh cigarettes. The way the guide snarled out of the corner of his mouth fascinated Gerald, but nevertheless he decided that he had been taken in. He wondered whether anybody would try to stop him if he tried to leave. He started hesitantly toward the stairs. The guide's change of tone made him pause.

"All right, gents, you've been very patient. It's plain you're all men of the world. I have your nickels here. Step right up and get your change." He thrust a hand into a canvas bag which he had produced from somewhere, and pulled out a handful of nickels. The men closed in around him, then walked to the back wall of the room. It was shadowy there, but Gerald could see that the men were taking positions at the wall before apertures which were hooded like the eyepiece of a stereoscope. Each man put a nickel in a slot beside the aperture before him, and then there were whirring noises.

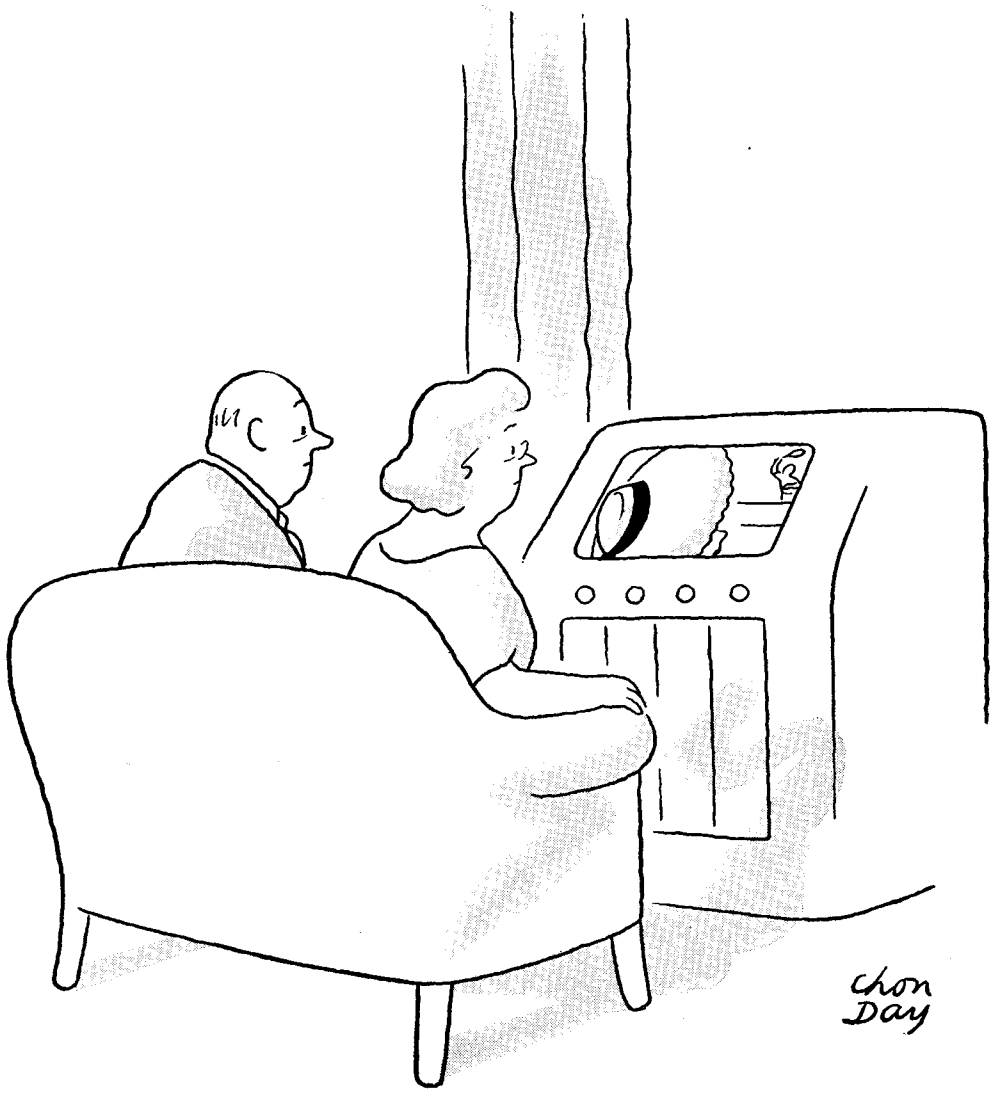
Gerald went back and stood at an empty place and put his eyes to the eyepiece. He couldn't see anything. He dropped a nickel in the slot. A noisy clockwork mechanism lifted a tin shield from before the eyepiece, and there, in a little, bright room, was a beautiful girl. She had on a black brassière and black lace panties. Her skin was the whitest white Gerald had ever seen. She stood barefoot on a mirror, with her hands clasped over her head, and her hips were writhing. Gerald sucked in his breath and couldn't exhale. The whirring ceased and the tin shield banged down before his eyes.

Gerald dived into his pocket for another nickel. He didn't have one. He rushed over to the man with the nickels, who was making change for someone else, and urgently held out a dollar bill until the man turned to him and counted out twenty nickels.

Returning to the rear wall, Gerald put his eyes to the dark opening, and dropped in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! The shield lifted. O God, how beautiful, and almost naked! Bang! The shield fell. He put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! She was taking off her brassière, still revolving her hips. Bang! He put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! Bang! Whir-r-r-r! Bang! Whir-r-r-r! Still dancing, she was toying with the buttons on her panties. Bang! Don't, don't shut her off like that. Whir-r-r-r! Naked! She was dancing naked! Bang! Stay up longer, *please!* The nickel slipped from his fingers. He dropped to his knees, couldn't find it, rose quickly, and put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! Bang!

His nickels gave out. He got another twenty. When he returned, the man at the next aperture was saying to his companion on the other side of him, "Hurry, Carl, she's gettin' good now." "Wait a minute," muttered Carl. "I'm makin' sure that pimp didn't short-change me."

One by one, the other men had enough and departed. When only Gerald was left, the girl made an ugly face and thumbed her nose at him. The gesture drove him to ecstasy. A contact had been established between her and him. He put in another nickel. The beautiful girl was disappearing through a doorway, and as he watched, the door closed behind her.



WHEN Gerald reached the street, blinking in the light, his lungs were so tight he could hardly breathe. He stood dazed for a moment, then started back along the street. His stride was buoyant and confident.

Passing a penny arcade, he saw inside, besides the marble-board players, men standing at machines which they cranked as they looked down into hooded eyepieces. His lip curled. He knew the kind of pictures those machines showed. How infantile to consider them racy.

He heard a rifle shot at the rear of the arcade. Ever since his mother had once found him in a shooting gallery at home and forbade him ever to touch a

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gun again, shooting galleries had been his favorite sport.

There were only one customer and the chubby proprietor at the counter on which the rifles lay.

Gerald tossed down a dollar bill.

"Gimme a repeatin' rifle," he said, tough, out of the corner of his mouth, like the maroon-shirted guide. The proprietor handed him a rifle.

Gerald picked out the target with the smallest hole for a bull's-eye and fired rapidly, fifteen times. The gong behind the hole clanged fifteen times.

The sudden clamor caused heads to lift throughout the arcade.

"That's fairly good shootin', bud," said the proprietor.

Gerald swallowed. He was pretty surprised himself. He scowled. "Reload it," he said curtly.

He sighted on the same target. Again, there was a wild clanging like a fire gong. Several men drifted back to the gallery.

Across the front of the target area was a row of fifteen imitation candles, with gas flames. Shooting from right to left, almost as fast as he could pull the trigger, Gerald snuffed fourteen of the fifteen candles.

"Lousy gun," Gerald complained. "Reload it."

Quite a crowd had gathered.

A line of iron ducks moved on an endless chain through a pool of water at the bottom of the target display. Gerald swiftly knocked over the twelve that showed, waited for three more to come up, then knocked them over.

While the proprietor reloaded the gun, a ruddy, shirtsleeved man next to Gerald said, "You must be a champ of some kind. What's your name, friend?"

Gerald fixed him with cold blue eyes. "I don't think the Boss would like you askin' that question."

"Jeez," said the man uneasily. "I was only askin'."

Handing Gerald the rifle, the proprietor whispered, "Just keep on shootin' for free. You're drawin' 'em in for me."

Gerald slammed the rifle to the counter. "What do you think I am?" he snarled. "The pimp for this joint?"

He turned, a way was made for him, and he swaggered out without looking back.

ENTERING the hotel lobby, Gerald went straight to the desk. "I'm Jerry Chadwick, Room 1534," he said crisply. "A key, please."

The clerk turned to the rack, then swung back. "Are you the Chadwick lad? Your mother's been going crazy."

"Oh. Is she back?"

"Mr. Hammer," the clerk called. A chunky man in brown, obviously the house detective, came up. "This is the Chadwick lad. He's not lost."

"Your mamma's been goin' crazy," said the house detective. "I'll take you up."

"That won't be necessary," said Gerald.

"I'll take you up."

After Mrs. Chadwick had screamed "Gerald!" and fallen weeping on his neck, and had recovered sufficiently from her hysteria to cancel a call to her husband, and the detective had withdrawn, and she lay outstretched, with a cold cloth on her head, Gerald sat on the edge of the bed and explained.

"I was reading about those points of interest in the pamphlet, Mother, and finally I decided I just had to see some of them right away. I walked to the lake. It's beautiful. I bought a bag of popcorn, but there were some pigeons who looked hungrier than I was, so I gave them all of it."

Mrs. Chadwick sighed. "So generous, always."

"I sat by the lovely lake and thought of a beautiful poem, a sonnet. Then I walked a long way and I passed the Museum of Natural History and wanted very much to go through it."

"Did you do it, son?"

"I'd been away so long, I was afraid you'd be worried," murmured Gerald. "Besides, I want to see it with you."

—NOEL HOUSTON

"Do you, and by you I mean the organization by which you are employed, carry legal foolscap? Please answer with a simple 'yes' or 'no.'"

•

In seven years of marriage, she lived with her husband for only three weeks, Mrs. Ellen G. Adams, of 2305 Park, told Judge Sherman D. Callender. She won a divorce from Ewing Adams, an optimist, of 1433 Farmer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An undue optimist, apparently.

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FINAL EXAMINATION

SOME of the G.I.s stationed in France are taking courses in the universities there, according to a newspaper story I read the other day. It seems that they are studying such varied subjects as French architecture, medieval history, languages, philosophy, and the sciences, under some of the greatest scholars in France. I can't help wondering whether any G.I. has been attending, as I once did, a University of Paris course known as *Discours et Débats*, and whether he knows what a terrifying experience is in store for him, now that examination time is at hand over there.

In the early twenties, the more experienced students at the University of Paris, which I attended after graduating from Columbia, went around recommending *Discours et Débats* as a sort of side dish—a delicate morsel to balance the heavier courses. After all, my new acquaintances pointed out, France was the veritable home of logic, and a course in which a Professor Painlevé, an eminent jurist, lectured on the art of disputation might prove useful later in a man's career. A fellow-student, a Czech, informed me that a thesis at the end of the term was not required in this course—merely an oral questioning. Unfortunately, he neglected to enlighten me further on this point, and I went along blithely assuming that the questioning would be much like the oral examinations I had experienced in college back home.

At the University of Paris, it was not obligatory for us to attend every lecture on our schedule. I visited *Discours et Débats* infrequently, but I always enjoyed it when I went. Professor Painlevé was a charming and spirited old gentleman and a talented performer. At the beginning of a presentation, he would be disarming and silken. Then, as he approached the climax of his nicely organized reasoning, he would be like a cat crawling forward on its belly toward a fascinated bird. Inch by inch he would progress, moving with the greatest delicacy, until the great moment when it seemed most opportune to pounce. "*Mais, messieurs*—" The students always bent toward him and listened more intently than ever when he said dramatically, "*Mais, messieurs*—" There would follow a pause while Professor Painlevé pinned down his bird, and glanced about triumphantly to enjoy the look of admiration on the faces of his students. Then would come the devastating conclusion.

I remember one such routine well. There was the "*Mais, messieurs,*" the pause, then "*Il faut bien examiner l'expression 'gouvernement de jure.' Nous l'avons discutée, mais qu'est que nous avons prouvé? Rien si ce n'est que l'expression 'gouvernement de jure' signifie 'le pays légal'!*" And, finally, the crusher, "It does not suffice! We have concluded that a *de jure* government represents the *pays légal*—that is to say, the *arrondissements*, the municipalities, the departments, the provinces, and the ultimate state. Thus far our legalistic and so painstaking reasoning has been excellent. But earlier in our discourse we spoke of smaller things. Smaller in terms of government, gentlemen, but not smaller in significance. We spoke of farmers and their barnyards, of the miners and their perilous descents to Avernus, of the small shopkeepers who dispense such stuff as foods and implements, of the little rivers and their fishermen, of the contours of hills and valleys, of the cities and their dwellers, of the sick and the poor, of the mothers in childbirth, of the cattle grazing, of the children playing, and of the priests chanting. We are agreed that a *de jure* government represents the *pays légal*, but does a *de jure* government represent the *pays réel*, the nation itself, the very soul of the land? No, my dear friends. The small things combine, in the end, to make the largest thing of all, which far transcends the legal state. Even in some fabulous age to come, when we finally shall have attained democracy, the distinction of representing the *pays réel* still will belong to none but the good God Himself."

Pleasant as it was to spend an occasional hour listening to Professor Painlevé, I was obliged to devote most of my time to other work. After all, I had enrolled at the University of Paris to study philosophy, and the going was extremely rough. Not the least of my troubles was the fact that my principal instructor lectured with so thick a German accent that half the time he might just as well have been talking in Urdu or Afrikaans. And then there were the term papers. Columbia always had fancied itself pretty exigent in the matter of term papers, but before long I discovered that the University of Paris could have given Columbia cards and spades.

WHEN I was informed that Professor Painlevé would preside at a private oral questioning of each *Discours et Débats* student and that I was to present myself at the Salle Mercator at two o'clock on a certain afternoon, I made no special preparation other than rereading Painlevé's own "Logique," a very good book, which had been the foundation of the course.

At two o'clock on the appointed day, I was sitting on a wooden bench in the corridor outside the Salle Mercator, a room I had had a good deal of trouble finding because it was in a part of the University I had never visited before. Three men in academic gowns came marching down the corridor. They opened the door to the Salle Mercator and entered. Professor Painlevé was one of the three, but he did not speak to me. I lingered a few minutes, not quite sure whether I should wait to be summoned, and then I got up, went to the door of the examination room, and peered inside. What I saw appalled me.

The three robed figures were sitting above and behind a high structure like a judges' bench at one end of what seemed to be a large ballroom, which was absolutely barren of furniture. It was like entering a nightmare version of a court of law. Timidly, I approached the judges' bench. The three men observed me in silence. Presently Professor Painlevé, who was sitting between the two others, announced with great solemnity, "Gentlemen, we are about to examine Monsieur Parker." Thus might the citizens of Paris have prepared for the trial of some miserable little hanger-on at Versailles years before. "Approach, if you please," said Professor Painlevé in a not too encouraging tone.

I did as I was told. Presently I summoned enough courage to raise my eyes and face the tribunal, which seemed unbelievably high and far away. I didn't know what else to do, so I bowed and said, "Gentlemen."

"Monsieur Parker presents himself," Professor Painlevé said to his colleagues.

Standing there in that enormous and alien room, with the judges looming above me, I began to feel somewhat faint. This was very bad indeed, inasmuch as an examination was impend-

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ing. I steadied myself by concentrating on some of the syllogisms Professor Painlevé had used to illustrate his "Logique." I remembered them beautifully. If Columbia teaches you nothing else, it teaches you to remember what your professors emphasize in the books they have written. This isn't Higher Education, but it's useful—in America, at least.

"What do you like to read, Monsieur?" Professor Painlevé inquired with unexpected affability and, what was even more welcome, without formality. "For pleasure only, that is to say. I am not thinking of Hegel."

So he knew that I had been studying Hegel. I was glad to detect a touch of kindly understanding, despite all the pomp of the judges' bench and the academic gowns. I still was at a loss to understand why the professors had put on such formidable attire. In nearly a year of going in and out of the University, I had never before seen professors in this dress, and I knew from experience that it was not a traditional adjunct of their examinations. If I had known then, as I found out later, that it was merely an eccentricity of Professor Painlevé and his circle, I should have been less uncomfortable, perhaps.

"Well, I read novels, for example," I confessed to the judges.

One of them was gracious enough to observe that this was "pardonable."

"The authors," Professor Painlevé said slowly, "of what nationality, in particular, are they?"

I tried to think of the names of the novelists I liked, but to my bewilderment and embarrassment, I couldn't think of the name of any novelist at all. But I could think of a nationality, of course, and so I said, "English," not realizing what this reply might lead to.

"Ah!" the judges said in unison, and there was another long silence, punctuated only by occasional throaty noises from the bench. I knew that this was a symptom of deep professorial thought, and waited without any particular qualms for one of the three to speak. I had decided that what I was experiencing must be a polite French prelude to the more serious business of an oral examination. If they chose to make small talk about English novelists, that was all right with me, except that the small talk was an awfully long time in getting under way and that I still couldn't for the life of me remember the names of any novelists at all or the titles of their works. However, the knotty business of induction and deduction—and most especially the syllogisms in "Logique"—remained happily distinct in my mind, and ready to be trotted out at a moment's notice.

"Will you commence, or do you prefer that I myself commence?" asked Professor Painlevé, turning to the man on his right and then to the man on his left and becoming very solemn again.

"I regret that the subject . . . ah . . . that is to say, I do not find it especially congenial," the professor on his right said.

"*Ni moi non plus*," said the professor on his left, looking at me with considerable boredom. "*C'est à vous, mon cher*," he said to Professor Painlevé.

"You can't really call it a blind date. I looked him up in Dun & Bradstreet."

• •

The presiding justice was very far from bored. That was evident. He polished his glasses briskly, put them on, and said with obvious satisfaction, "*Dites, Monsieur—*"

I was ready and willing to "say," as he expressed it, but I could hardly "say" anything at all until he provided me with a point of departure. He went on, tantalizingly, "*Dites, Monsieur . . . alors . . . eh bien, voulez-vous dire . . . ah, dites, Monsieur—*"

"*Oui, Monsieur*," I said expectantly.

"Which character in English fiction would you prefer to have been, if *le bon Dieu* had permitted you to make a selection before you were conceived as a human being?"

It dawned upon me with horror that he wasn't joking.

The presiding justices had not been indulging in small talk at all. This was my final examination in *Discours et Débats*, and I was supposed to tell them

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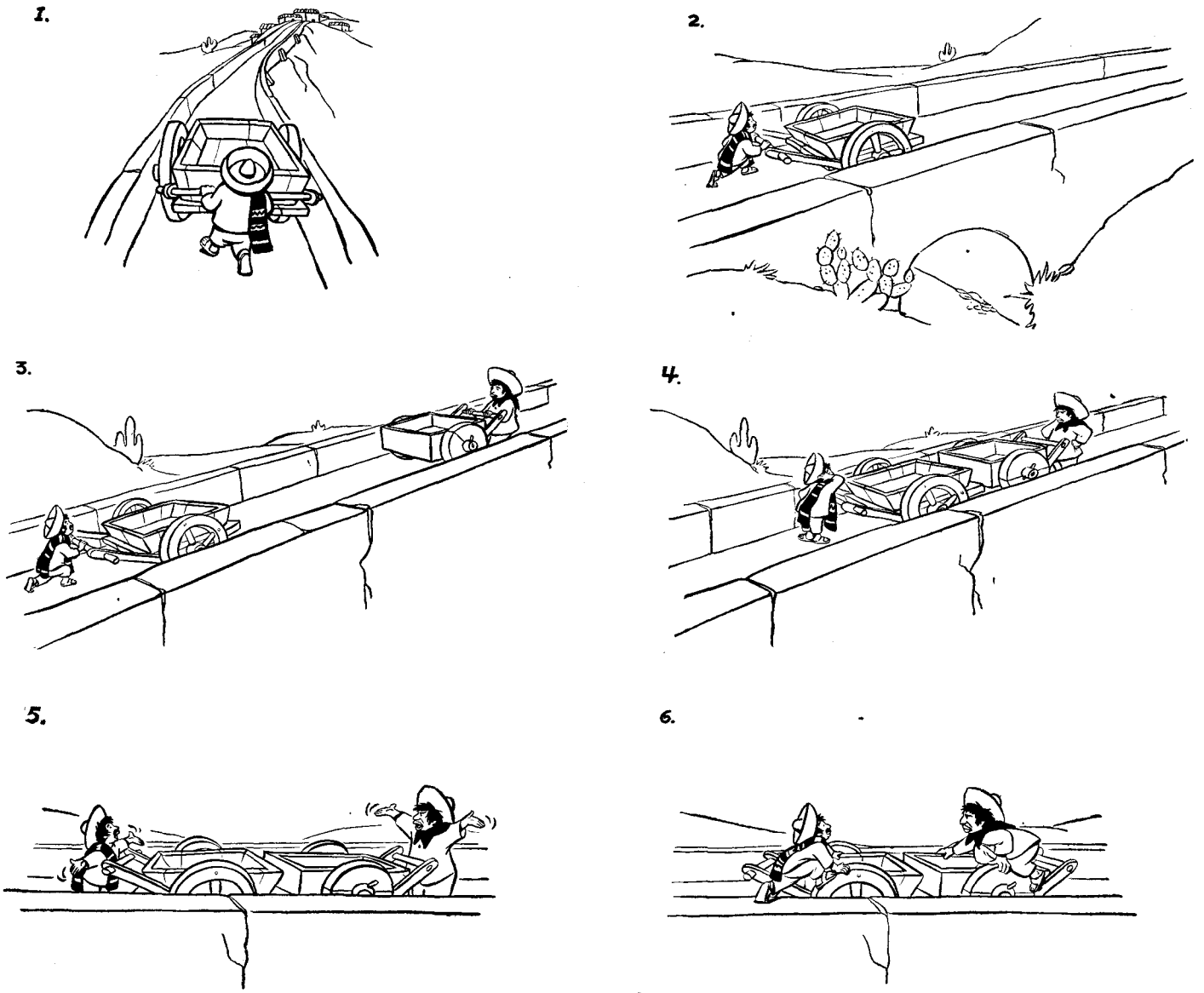

which character in English fiction I would have preferred to be, had the good God given me a choice. They meant it. They really did. The only trouble was that I couldn't remember any character in English fiction. I hadn't been able to remember any English novelist, I hadn't been able to remember any English novel, and now I couldn't remember any character *in* an English novel. It hadn't mattered before, but it mattered now.

After a moment or two, Professor Painlevé said, "*Alors?*," and then, after a regrettable lapse of time, I, too, said, "*Alors.*" But where he had said it expectantly, I said it appeasingly.

What characters were there in English literature? I wanted one, only one. If I could have remembered a wretched crone dying in an almshouse, I would have said that she was the character I'd have chosen to be, but I couldn't even remember a wretched crone. The only character I succeeded in remembering in any literature at all was one in American literature, and it wasn't a person but a whale. After all, I could hardly announce to these weird brothers that I would have enjoyed being Moby Dick. I thought and thought. Suddenly I remembered a character in fiction, and in English fiction, too.

"David Copperfield," I said triumphantly.

"Ah!" the professors said. They exchanged looks and flexed their eyebrows at each other.

"I recall him," one of them said.

"*Un pauvre enfant,*" said another. "*Un enfant pas du tout gâté. A vrai dire, un roman bien triste, n'est-ce pas?*"

"A very sad book," Professor Painlevé agreed. "One of the saddest books I have ever read. I remember it indistinctly, but at one point the hero washes bottles for a living. He is only a child, you know. Only a child. He must fight the entire world."

Professor Painlevé looked at me with interest, as did the others.

"*Mais pourquoi?*" they said in chorus. "*Pourquoi* David Copperfield?"

I didn't know. If I had remembered something—anything, in fact—about David Copperfield, I might have been able to answer them. But I couldn't even remember whether David had been a good man or a wicked one. All I knew was that "David Copperfield" was one of the saddest books Professor Painlevé had ever read. Although the fever of the moment made it absolutely impossible for me to remember the name of the author of "David Copperfield," I recalled one thing about him—he was a moralist. His works teemed with the triumph of good over evil. I took a chance.

"I should like to have been David Copperfield—" I repeated hesitantly, still hoping for an inspiration.

"*Et pourquoi?*"

"Because, through suffering, he learned compassion. Through injustice, he learned charity."

The professors breathed deeply, joyously.

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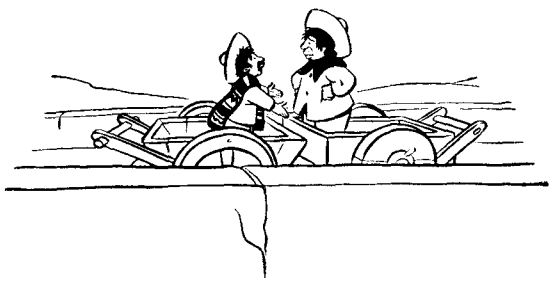

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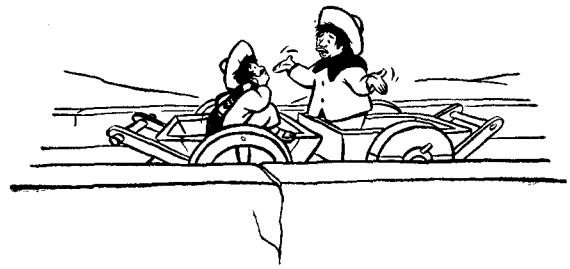

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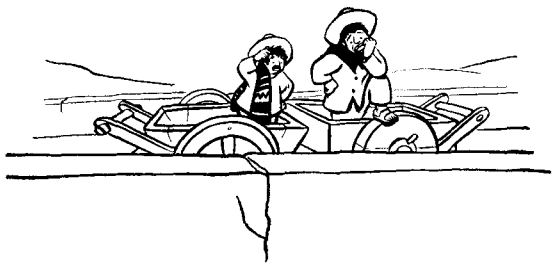

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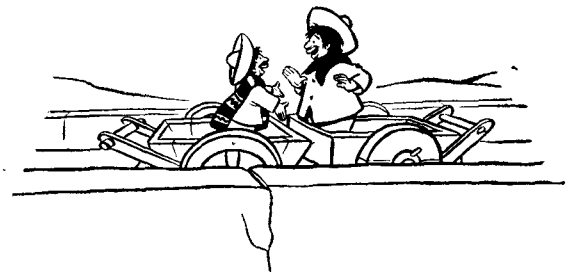

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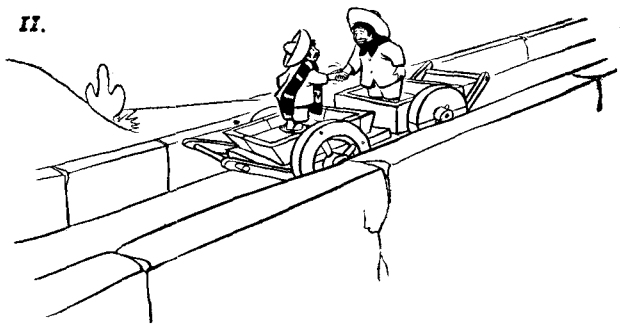

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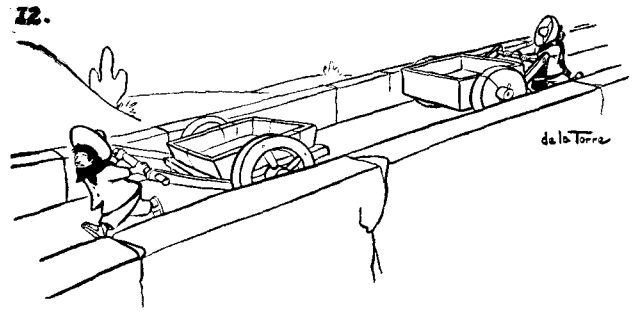

"*Figurez-vous!*" one of them said.

"*C'est épatant, ça,*" said another. "*C'est bien quelque chose, quoi? Une idée géniale. Une idée très, très géniale, je crois. J'admire l'intelligence de ce garçon-là.*"

"*Je suis complètement bouleversé!*" Professor Painlevé declared with satisfaction.

After a great deal of consultation among themselves, during which I could hear Professor Painlevé declaring over and over again that he was completely rolled around, the professors turned to me and nodded ecstatically, like happy robins plunging their beaks into the earth after a rain. They pecked away like this for several minutes, and then Professor Painlevé, controlling himself, thanked me with great ceremony and told me that the examination was over. "*C'est fini,*" he said. "*C'est absolument fini!*"

Mystified, and marvelling at the whole procedure, I departed. Other, and more orthodox, examinations kept me busy for a number of days, and I had no opportunity to get hold of a copy of "David Copperfield" and read it, as I was most anxious to do. I wanted to know more about him.

THE following Sunday, as I was hurrying through the Luxembourg Gardens to attend a cramming session, I encountered Professor Painlevé, strolling with a pleasant-looking woman of middle age. We stopped to exchange greetings.

"*Ma chère*, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Monsieur Parker," he said. "Madame Painlevé."

The three of us chatted for a few minutes and then we parted. I felt full of good will toward Professor Painlevé because, to my amazement, he had remarked to Madame Painlevé that I had passed his course with great distinction. As the Professor and his wife walked away, I heard him murmur to her, "*Un philosophe, m'amie. Un vrai philosophe!*"

The mystery deepened still further when I finally acquired a copy of "David Copperfield" and began to read it on the ship going back to America. The "compassion-through-suffering" idea proved to be completely without foundation. I discovered that, right from the start, David was the most compassionate little fellow you could possibly hope to meet. He seemed forever ready to do a good turn for Tommy Traddles, Mr. Micawber, or anyone else who came along.

Of this much I was certain. If *le bon Dieu* had given me an opportunity to choose, I wouldn't have chosen to be David Copperfield. Imagine anybody deliberately marrying that idiot Dora!

—JAMES REID PARKER

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RUG, Kodiak bear skin, new, for sale by orig. owner. CR-14174.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Original owner once removed—let's put it that way.

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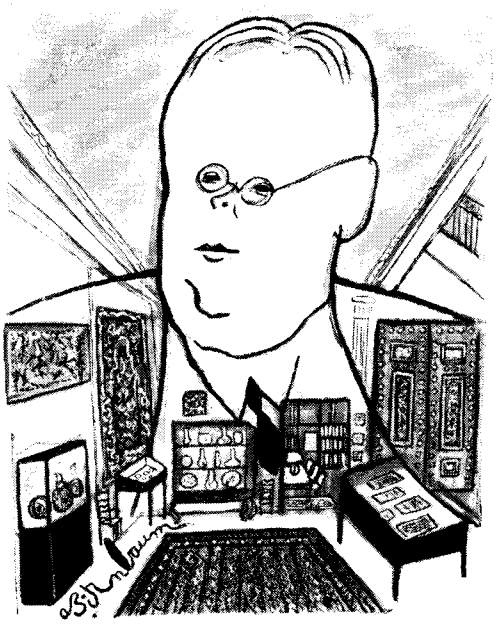
PROFILES

UNDER THE RUG—I



Arthur Upham Pope

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE is the world's foremost authority on Persia. Scholars everywhere agree that his knowledge of the country surpasses that of anybody else alive, including the Persians. Pope's preoccupation with Persia, or Iran, as it is called these days, just misses being an obsession. He feels, for instance, that the only hope of present-day civilization is to study up on Persian culture and try to draw strength from it. "Turn back! Turn back!" he often cries. "Look to the ancients. Old Persia can save us. Those remarkable people, with their gallantry, their decorum, their self-discipline, their sensitivity, their humanity, their productivity, their animation, their originality, their vitality, their warmth, their transcendent piety!" In an unusually rhapsodic mood, he has been known to reel off as many as forty-five consecutive good qualities in eulogizing the deceased Persians, which is believed to be a record.

Pope is the director of the Iranian Institute, a fountainhead of Persian wisdom that occupies all five floors of an imposing white stone building at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street. The main purpose of the Institute is to transmit Persian lore, both old and new, to culturally starved Americans and, eventually, to put an end to the dry rot of modern life. The Institute has a president, a board of directors, several faculty members, and numerous other functionaries, but Pope is the leading spirit. He founded it in 1930 and has kept it going, through good times and bad. He established his scholastic oasis on the promise of a benefactor to put up a hundred thousand dollars for the project. Up to now the benefactor has come through with only thirty-five dollars, so Pope occasionally has to sprint vigorously to keep the place solvent. He may deliver a lecture on "Some Comparisons of Assyrian and Persian Pottery from 1435 to 1450," finish it promptly on the hour, and then throw on his coat and hat and rush downtown to consult a well-heeled Persophile about new blotters for the instructors' desks.

Pope's tireless pursuit of his specialty has resulted in no tangible profit to him, but it has worked out well for Persia. With the possible exception of King Darius (circa 500 B.C.), he has undoubtedly made a larger contribution to Persia's welfare than any other man in history. It was Pope who unveiled the wonders of Persia for the late Shah Reza Khan Pahlevi. The Shah, a native of one of the outlying and rather benighted provinces of the country, became head of the state by a kind of muscling-in process. For the most part, he was thoroughly ignorant of what he had taken over. The Shah heard Pope lecture, during an expedition the latter made to the country in 1932, and became very interested in Persia. Later on, the two men went on a tour of inspection together, and Pope showed him the points of outstanding interest. As a result, the Shah arranged for the restoration of many Persian monuments, mosques, and other antiquities, and began a program of all-around national rehabilitation. Persia is making a strong cultural comeback at the moment, and Pope is largely responsible.

In addition to holding a revered position in the world of scholarship, with special emphasis on Persia, Pope has at various times been hailed as an athlete, a pianist, a writer of letters-to-the-editor, an ornithologist, a debater, a builder of ship models, an interior decorator, an acoustics expert, a professor of philosophy, a photographer, a leader of liberal movements, a bicycle racer, and an author. Pope's biography of Maxim Litvinoff, a project which he took over for a publisher after the original author was removed to an institution, came out in 1943 and enjoyed a moderate sale. It might have sold more, his publishers felt, if Pope had stuck to his plan of writing a book about Litvinoff. Pope's story starts out with a discussion of the Russian revolution, switches to Persia, and then goes back to the revolution. Litvinoff comes in for several remarks toward the end.

For many years, Pope was known chiefly as a professor of philosophy. At such places as Brown and the University of California, where he taught at one time or another, his classes were exceptionally popular, but he was fighting against odds. His body was in the lecture room, but his spirit was in Persia. Conditions have been thus with Pope since his early childhood, when he first came into contact with a number of Persian rugs in the house of two aunts he was visiting in Boston. "I looked at those rugs," he says today, "and it was like a call to the pulpit." Before answering the call, however, he got badly sidetracked by a number of other things. Pope was forty-seven when the benefactor stepped forward with the theoretical hundred thousand dollars, and his health was bad. His health is still one of his main concerns, but it has improved during the fifteen years of his communion with Persia. A number of authentic indispositions have given him a slight complex about his health. He has, in fact, been described by a good friend as one of the leading hypochondriacs of his generation. Pope cannot remember any substantial period when he was not in fairly bad shape, but he thinks he had an unexpected stretch of moderately good health for about a month in the late twenties. He often tells people that he has had eight surgical operations, all of them dangerous. "I was born sick," he has said. "I should have been dead a dozen times."

In spite of this cheerless viewpoint, Pope, at sixty-four, is the picture of vigor. He is tall and erect and his skin has a fine, ruddy glow. This has been a source of embarrassment to him, for he feels that his hearty appearance contradicts his state of interior collapse. To off-

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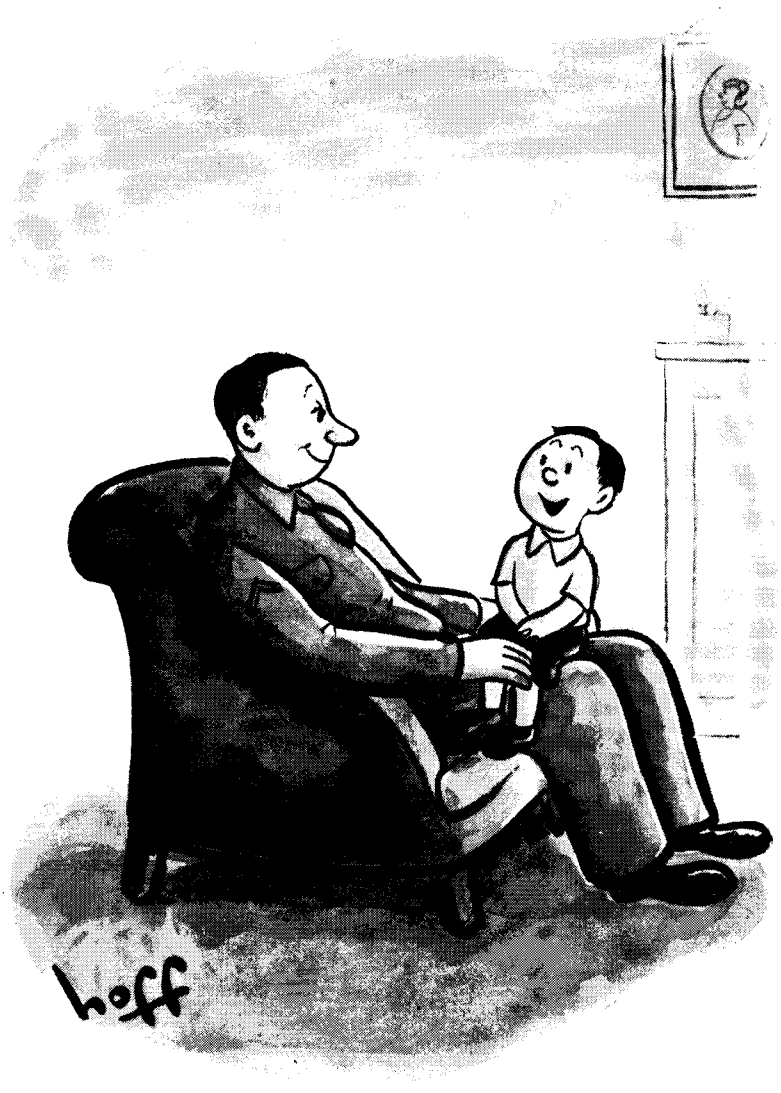
set it, he may remark to a casual acquaintance, while discussing Mesopotamian religious poetry, "My back itches like hell—nervous disorder." Pope has white hair, which he parts in the middle, and wears steel-rimmed glasses. Most of his suits are lively tweeds of a rather youthful cut. His face reveals a long-standing mental conflict. He thinks he should look scholarly, but at the same time he is highly amused by a world so patently out of tune with old Persia, so he manages to look like an elderly collegian who is trying to make up his mind whether to try for Phi Beta Kappa or hit the teacher with a paper wad. Notwithstanding his delicate condition, Pope does an enormous amount of work. In addition to handling the administrative problems of the Institute, he is considered to be its outstanding lecturer, and he has a number of extracurricular activities on the side. Medical science believes that extraordinary energy is born in people and that there is no way to acquire it. Pope believes that a large part of his comes out of bottles. He takes all the known vitamins and has reference to quite a few tonics, pills, potions, unguents, and nostrums besides. There is scarcely a half hour in the day when he is not dosing himself in some fashion. It is not uncommon for him to interrupt a round-table discussion of Islamic frescoes by whipping out a bottle, throwing his head back, and downing a slug of liver extract. He and his wife, a scholar in her own right, who prefers to be known by her maiden designation of Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, have an apartment on the fourth floor of the Institute. The director frequently converses with visitors while reclining on the couch in his study. "This hasn't been one of my best days," he may say. "I've had weak spells and heart flutters." He tries to keep up his strength, however, and at mealtime will arise, with numerous groans, stagger to the table, and eat enough food to keep the average soldier on the march for several days.

THE inconsistency of Pope's frailty and his accomplishments is not unusual. History is filled with ailing celebrities. Robert Louis Stevenson had lung trouble most of his life, William Pitt did his best work while suffering from a damaged heart, Voltaire had chronic indigestion, and George III was gouty. By comparison, Pope's disorders may seem colorless, but his labors stand up in the weightiest company. There can be no doubt that the Institute is one of the world's most remarkable centers of culture. Originally, its headquarters were in a two-room office on Fifth Avenue, in the Fifties, and all it did was gather information about Iranian art and archeology. Pope had saved up and visited Persia on his own in 1925. Before he returned, his mind was made up: he would devote the remainder of his life to restoring Persia to its rightful place in the world of culture. By 1930 his enthusiasm was in full bloom, but he had a little trouble getting started. Spending the benefactor's thirty-five dollars on taxis and subways, he finally enlisted the financial aid of enough patrons to incorporate, rent an office, engage a secretary, and start printing a quarterly bulletin. His patrons received memberships in the Institute for their contributions, which ranged from fifty cents to six thousand dollars. In the first year of Persia's artistic renaissance, Pope got the idea which, he says, made the Institute. It would hold an annual dinner. The members would get together, for around ten dollars a plate, and have a Persian jamboree. The first dinner was held at the Waldorf. "It was a cultural bombshell," Pope says. "We showed lantern slides, had a famous European speaker, and broiled pheasant. The members went wild." They also reflected their delight financially. In 1932, Pope was able to arrange an archeological expedition to Iraq, a country that borders on Iran and shares some of its culture. Most of the money for this came from the patrons, but part of it came from Oxford University and the Field Museum in Chicago, which together, after some prompting, agreed to provide the equipment and pay the salary of the diggers. Pope and a group of scholars he took along removed quite a bit of Iraq's topsoil and uncovered a number of interesting items, many of which they brought back.



"Let's see—where should I begin?"

During this and subsequent expeditions, Pope acquired for the Institute a valuable collection of ancient pottery, pictures, rugs, tapestries, documents, statuary, and weapons. In 1942, having bought the building, a former mansion, at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street, he moved in with the collection, and with his wife, three secretaries, and five Persian cats. Today, objects of Ori-

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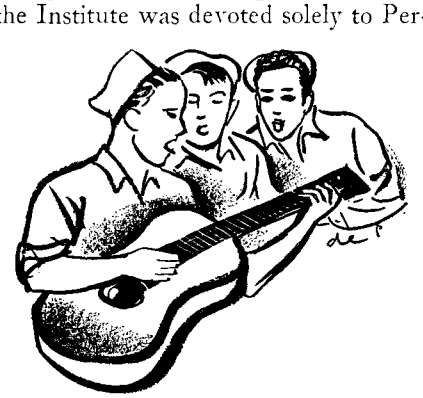
ental art worth more than a million dollars, half of them on loan from patrons, are on view there. To safeguard them, the director has had the Institute equipped with a massive door of iron grillwork. So far, he has never remembered to lock it, but he feels that its presence, no matter if it is ajar, is a mental barrier to the average rogue. Visitors to the Institute enter a small hallway, the walls of which are covered with photographs Pope took on an expedition to Persia. One picture is of the Gulistan Garden, in the Oasis of Tabas, a spot that is considered by desert specialists to be inaccessible to anything but camels, a few athletes in good condition, and Pope when the photographic fever is on him. The director likes to tell about the complaint the oasis is supposed to have made to God. "I am tired," the oasis said, "of being an oasis surrounded by such terrible wastes." God's reply was "Yes, but if it weren't for the desert, you wouldn't be an oasis." Pope thinks this is one of the best Divine cracks on record.

During fourteen expeditions to Persia, Pope took eight thousand photographs. Most of them have been on exhibit in Europe, and quite a few of them hang on the walls of the rooms and staircases of the Institute. In the lobby, or reception room, as the faculty prefers to call it, is a book in which visitors sign their names. Among the persons who have dropped in recently are Lily Pons, André Kostelanetz, and Fazlallah Reza, who described himself in the volume as an "ex-lecturer at Teheran University." Among the visiting groups have been the Forest Hills Women's Club, several art classes from the Washington Irving High School, and the Needle and Bobbin Club. On the first floor is the library, which contains the negatives of Pope's pictures, numerous books, and a rather elaborate card index Pope worked out on Persia. A great many worthwhile tidbits can be found in the index. It has such headings as "Architecture," "Sociology," and "Goat Culture," and was worked out in some manner known only to the director. It has been invaluable to persons seeking miscellaneous information about Iran. If somebody became suspicious, for example, that the old Persian rulers were lax about public health, he could find, under a card marked "Hospitals," the following interesting data: "Kukuburi (died A.D. 1233) built four asylums for the blind and persons suffering from chronic distemper. These were always full. He built a house for the reception of widows, another for orphan children, and a third for foundlings. Nurses were always ready to suckle whatever children might be brought in."

The other floors of the Institute are occupied by display rooms, the Popes' apartment, and the rooms of two girls who have fellowships. The director is often hard to find at the Institute because he spends so much of his time under rugs. His knowledge of Oriental rugs is widely regarded as oracular. Scarcely a week goes by that somebody doesn't drop in with a rare purchase to be appraised. Pope is generally able to tell the caller that his rug is a genuine twentieth-century Navajo, worth about $18.50 in the open market. The director gets most of his income, which is modest, by acting as adviser to wealthy collectors who wish to buy works of Persian art.

POPE receives no salary from the Institute. Several of the faculty have outside jobs and they, too, teach without pay at the Institute, simply because of their great esteem for Persia. Although, in the beginning, instruction at the Institute was devoted solely to Persia, lately it has branched out to embrace all of Asia, and other areas may be taken in soon. Pope believes that, given the right faculty, the school can get a toehold on practically all culture and learning, and he intends to expand as fast as possible. The Institute now has a faculty of twenty-four, all of them picked by the director, who acknowledges that he is dazzled by their brilliance. "Ah, Professor Bernhard Geiger," he may say to a visitor. "What an intellect that man has! What an insight into the glories of the past! What a monumental *feeling* for old Asia!" Professor Geiger was once with the University of Vienna, but he hung around no longer than necessary after the Anschluss. He is widely regarded as the greatest living expert on Indo-Iranian languages, and he knows a number of Indo-European and Semitic ones, too. Besides the run-of-the-mill tongues, he is on affectionate terms with Aramaic, Syriac, Old Persian, Pali, Pahlavi, Avesta, Kurdish, Ossetic, Mandaean, Khotanese, Sogdian, Afghan, Baluci, Sanskrit, Prakrit, and a number of Pamir dialects.



The Institute offers instruction in twenty Asiatic languages, alive and dead. Of late, it has also been giving special short courses in Chinese, Persian, and Turkish to O.W.I. people and others bound abroad on missions. Frequently these are hurry-up jobs of only a few weeks, but the results are generally satisfactory. One man studied Chinese for four months and then went to China and delivered a lecture in Chinese to a university group on "Comparison of American and Chinese Philosophies." Pope thinks this is the Institute's most satisfactory cramming effort to date.

COLUMBA: DATIVE AND ACCUSATIVE

The gay little girl in the pink little dress is running
After the pigeons, the plump little arms raised high,
The plump little fingers making a cup already,
Laughing and happy, liking the way they fly,
Laughing and happy, because she almost has one.
Maybe she means to be cruel, to chase and frighten;
Maybe she only knows they are bright, exciting,
Beautiful, and alive, and she wants one so.

And across the walk in space, but in time much farther,
At the other end of the asphalt path of years,
The little old man, with the crumpled sack of peanuts
Colored and shaped like his hand, is smiling, daffy,
But wise enough, in his foolishness, to know
That the thing to do with anything bright and lovely
Is to give it something, to feed it, and to love it,
And let it come to the sleeve and shoulder, so.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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"I thought people only went to Wisconsin on <u>business</u>."

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The student body of the school is now a hundred and fifteen people, most of them university professors, staff members of local museums, and miscellaneous scholars who simply wish to become more scholarly. They pay up to forty dollars for the language courses and for such general courses as "Contemporary Problems of the Moslem World," "Chinese Village, Rural, and Family Life," "The Rôle of the Nomads in the History of Iran," and "The Art of the Middle East in the Islamic Period." The curriculum is not inflexible. Pope feels that his faculty is so versatile that he can offer instruction in practically anything that touches on Asia. If a student, for some reason, develops a curiosity about eleventh-century Tibetan basket weaving, the Institute will probably see that this unfortunate gap in his knowledge is plugged. A good many of the courses are not given at any other school in this country or abroad. For example, Pahlavi, the language of Persia from the second to the seventh century A.D., is taught only at the Institute, so far as Pope knows. "And what a language!" he often says. "That sublime, ennobling, exalting, uplifting tongue of the ancients! What a thing of incalculable beauty! Oh, yes, Pahlavi, by all means."

The classes are held in small, cozy rooms in the basement. An effort has been made to avoid the traditional classroom aspect. Instead of blackboards, the Institute has whiteboards, and the writing is done in royal-blue crayon. On the floors are Oriental carpets, and the décor also includes photographs, posters, window drapes, and various Asiatic objects of art. "What is your average classroom?" the director sometimes asks indignantly. "A cold, bare, lifeless cubicle. More like a bathroom." Recently a group of instructors in occupational therapy visited the Institute to inquire about the advisability of using Oriental designs to decorate their workrooms in New York hospitals. Dr. Ackerman, who is the Institute's greatest expert on rugs and textiles, was able to tell them that there are several Oriental rug patterns symbolizing good health and others dealing with recuperation and fertility. The group decided on some simple designs in the first two classifications and returned to their hospitals much cheered. The Institute's faculty strives for easy informality. Most of the instruction is by lecture, but there is always a lively discussion period afterward, and things sometimes get pretty warm. Not long ago one of the museum students took exception to what she considered a very low slur on Assyrian bas-relief, and there was a sharp exchange, but complete harmony was restored before the period ended.

IN academic circles, the Institute's lectures are considered sensationally profound. Pope himself sets the pace for these. On days when he is to lecture, the lobby of the Institute is used as a lecture room. Seventy-odd folding chairs are set up facing a desk on a little platform, and nearly always a slide projector stands in the rear. A few weeks ago the director delivered one of his most popular talks, on Persepolis, an early Persian capital. It started at five-thirty P.M. and continued until seven. Before five-fifteen all the chairs were filled, mostly by women. At five-twenty-five, Dr. Ackerman, stately, composed, and unfrivolous-looking, descended the staircase from the second floor and began to greet the people in the first two rows. "How is he?" asked a middle-aged woman with a large loose-leaf notebook. "In good voice, I believe," said Dr. Ackerman, and there was an audible sigh of relief. Promptly at five-thirty, Pope came slowly down the stairs. He was carrying a bulky portfolio and a glass of water, and he looked solemn. Several people called out, "How are you?" and he answered, "Pretty well, considering." He sat down at the desk and extracted a number of documents from the portfolio. The room became quiet.

"There isn't much bibliography on Persepolis," Pope began. Then he read off a string of works on the subject that, to a layman, might seem depressingly numerous. When he finished, he looked up and said, "Mostly junk." It de-

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veloped very soon that he disagreed, in detail, with practically all the outstanding literature about Persepolis. For quite a while, in fact, his plan of attack was to read a statement by some well-known historian, remove his glasses, look around, and announce to the audience, "Completely and unqualifiedly wrong." This generally provoked a titter. There was one rather angry outburst, when Pope quoted a writer as saying that the culture of the Near East had had no visible effect on France. Many of the students squirmed in their chairs and uttered such exclamations as "Ridiculous!" "Oh, what a slander!" "Outrageous!" and "Pshaw!" "Need I add," continued Pope, "completely and unqualifiedly wrong?" When the audience had cooled off a little, he gave them some of his own ideas on Persepolis. "Persepolis," he said, "is the culmination of human experiences for five thousand years. The purpose of Persepolis is the affirmation of power, of grandeur, and of faith." After developing this theme for a few minutes, he got sidetracked on the subject of writing history. While the director's remarks on Persepolis formed the skeleton of his address, he also paid his respects to a number of mildly unrelated topics. During the hour and a half he made interesting excursions into music, flagpole sitting, art, ice skating, ballet, literature, sculpture, murder, and zoology. Pope carries two pairs of glasses, one of them bifocals. When especially moved, he has a habit of switching them. During the lecture, he kept the two pairs continually moving between his pockets and his eyes, and once, after a particularly vivid passage, he found himself trying to get both pairs on at once. He stopped in confusion, coughed, swallowed a small pill, and took a drink of water.

"Prejudice," Pope resumed, "is the great discourager of artistic expression." He cited the case of a celebrated French artist who tried to draw several Persian mosques, an undertaking that Pope indicated was presumptuous in the first place. "How did they turn out?" asked the director. "Why, they were grotesque in their distortion. The man was influenced by the domes he had seen in Paris. Prejudice again." Pope said that he was probably more down on prejudice than anything else he could think of. "Throw off the shackles," he cried. "Freedom! Freedom without affectation. Mind you, though, none of your oversimplicity. Look at that old egg of Brancusi's—perfectly ridiculous. Why not a policeman's whistle instead of a whole symphony orchestra? It's short and has only one tone. *Simplicity must embody the total consciousness of the idea!* I cannot stress that too strongly." At this point, Pope raised his right hand and appeared to be signalling to somebody, but nothing happened for several moments. Then a woman in the rear, who evidently had been preoccupied with something else, turned off the lights and turned on the slide projector. "Some art of the Persepolis period," said the director, picking up a pointer and pulling down a white screen that hung on the wall behind him. As the machine showed photographs, Pope pointed out their more interesting features. He was especially concerned with vitality. "Vitality in sculpture," he said, "cannot be gained by similarity. Take a vital subject, an animal—in short, a lion. Make it just like him. Will he be alive? He will not! He will be as dead as mutton. Vitality is control, balance, selectivity, emphasis, subtle affirmation, expression. The mood *must be affirmative*."

Taking another drink of water, Pope then sailed into the sort of peroration that has won him renown on two continents. He closed his eyes and leaned far back in his chair. "And now," he said, "imagine, if you can, that you are on a pilgrimage to Persepolis. Your face is turned toward that fabulous capital of the greatest civilization in history. You are in a procession winding over a broad green meadow that stretches to the towers and gateways and high columnar halls of Persepolis. See how white they glimmer and dance in the sun! On all sides are the camps of others visiting the legendary city. Look at those colorful tents, hear the trumpets blowing. Now you are getting close to the great streets and stairways. Here at last are those marvellous structures that you've heard so much about—the massive gates, the frowning walls, those huge guardian beasts. Forward! Through the gates! Look! What's here? All around you are beautiful gardens—no doubt there *were* gardens; there has been

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—PRESIDENT TRUMAN

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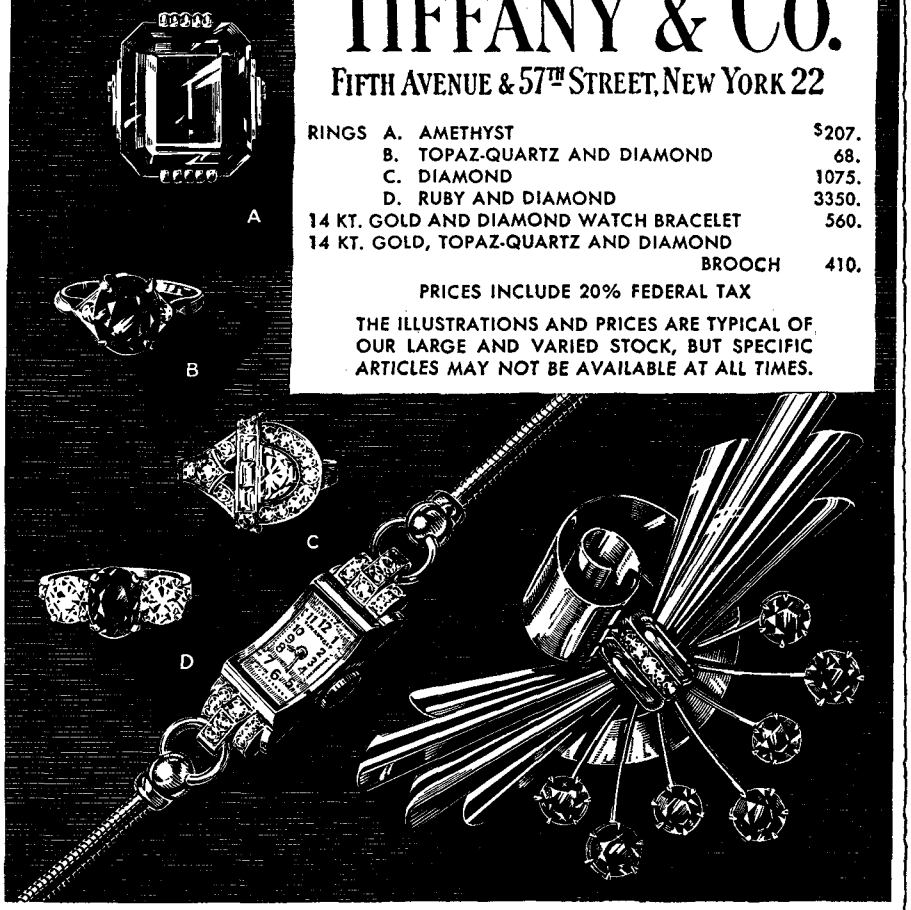

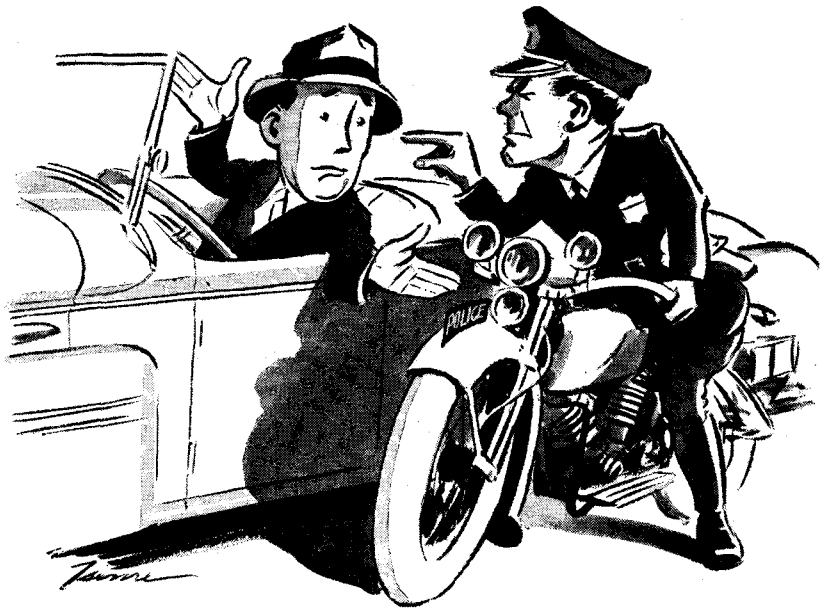

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some discussion on the subject, but I don't question it for a minute—and oh, the tall black columns, oh, the sculpture! How highly polished and gaily tinted—turquoise blue, and red, and gold, and dazzling emerald green. A world of riotous color, all glowing like enamel. On and on, through the vast, vast hallways. You are uplifted, you are transported, you are come to proclaim the glory of the King of mighty Persia. Oh, what a divine boon! Lift up your heads. Lift them up! I tell you, you are in the presence of a great moment."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Pope.)

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From G. F. Green, Greenbelt, Md. Answering Mrs. A. H. L., Arlington, in her request for ideas for "Shower for a Bride."

Get hold of an old-fashioned umbrella, the larger the better; line it with pink ruffled paper. The leader remarks: "I wonder what the weather is going to be?" (Goes and looks at the sky). "I think it's going to rain and we shall have a shower right away," she answers herself. She then takes the umbrella and hands it to the prospective bride and all rise and march around the room.

The leader then says: "This is the latest style of holding an umbrella," and proceeds to turn the umbrella upside down before handing it back to the future bride to hold by the handle. As all march around to music each one skips past the bride, tossing her gift into the umbrella. (Heavy or breakable gifts may be put on a stand.) Then all sit in a circle to watch the unfolding of the gifts. Singing of old-fashioned love songs can come next.

—*Washington Star.*

Oh, to be a bride again!

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(MAE WEST DIVISION)

[*From "Psychological Abstracts"*]

1217. **Eidelberg, L. A contribution to the study of wit.** *Psychoanal. Rev.*, 1945, 32, 33-61.—A Mae West joke is analyzed to discover why it produces laughter. It is suggested that the listener laughs because he experiences a feeling of infantile omnipotence. The joke arouses wishes of the infantile id and then the prohibitions of the infantile superego. The ego sidesteps the conflict by changing the satisfaction allowed the id and by deceiving the superego by a play on words. The symptoms and slips of tongue of the neurotic do not produce laughter. In this situation the ego is the loser and is mortified; the slip is a result of unresolved conflicts between the id and the superego which are stronger than the ego. In the joke situation the listener is aware of the conflict and can detach himself from it. With the neurotic, this awareness and detachment is not present.—*L. B. Heathers* (Smith).

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Adano Revisited

THE stage version of "A Bell for Adano," while by no means a completely satisfactory play, was at least a serious effort to explain the problems confronting the Allied Military Government and it was written in a literate and sensibly restrained key. John Hersey, the author of the novel on which the play was based, wished mainly to point out that an understanding of and sympathy for the ancient traditions of a conquered people is at least as important as tidying up their country. The symbol he chose was a bell that had tolled out seven centuries in a little Italian town and then was confiscated by Mussolini to be melted down for cannon. Mr. Hersey's hero, an Italian-American major, was perceptive enough to know that replacing the bell had a deeper meaning for the villagers than any large abstractions about freedom; that, in fact, it was almost as necessary to them as food. The principal faults of the play were a somewhat artificial tidiness of construction—the new bell inevitably rang out with final, triumphant irony at the very moment the major was leaving Adano in military disgrace—and a certain amiably patronizing air in its treatment of the natives, who were portrayed as very lovable and quaint but definitely inferior to the members of the occupying force in their stature as human beings.

The film unfortunately has not only chosen to emphasize these defects but has even decided to add a few of its own. The accent this time is very firmly on comedy. With the exception of the local priest, a Fascist prisoner back from the war, and, of course, the beautiful, though extraneous, heroine, the Italian characters are denied any semblance of dignity. This can be laid partly to violent type-casting, the idea apparently being to produce a troupe of musical-comedy organ-grinders, and partly to the difficulties in dialect. In the play, the townspeople addressed the soldiers in humorously broken English, which, while it had a tendency to reduce them to the level of peasants in an operetta, was at least permissible by theatrical convention; on the screen, the natives converse in the same manner among themselves, which is not only absurd (and *damn* patronizing) but also almost fatal to any illusion of reality. As might have been expected, the love interest, which was no more than a minor irritation on the stage, has been considerably amplified, the lady having been promoted from a more or less casual blonde around Adano to an ethereal type rather given to philosophical discourse on balconies at night. For instance, when the major explains to her that he left the Bronx as a boy because of a deep instinct for beauty and change, she is quick to find an analogy in her own girlish decision to bleach her hair. "I know, I know," she whispers. "Dark hair was *my* Bronx."

To revert again to the play, there was an American general in it—his derivation was abundantly clear in those forgotten days—who represented the military mind at its most brutal and arrogant, as opposed to the hero's humanity, which placed lives above rules. This character has been retained, but he has been so altered in transit, so carefully edited down from a symbol of latent Fascism in our own ranks to one of senseless bureaucracy in general that he seems to exist only as a rather arbitrary device for furthering the plot. The whole story, in fact, has been shorn of so many implications that Mr. Hersey was trying to convey and equipped with so much folk comedy that must have been only incidentally on his mind that its original dramatic values have been very nearly lost. Parts of it, such as the scenes demonstrating the old college-crew spirit that seems to animate young officers in the Navy, are quite funny, and the cast, headed by John Hodiak, is accomplished, though inclined to be vehement, but the sound of the bell, I'm afraid, isn't much more than a jingle.

"NOB HILL" is a Technicolor dream of old San Francisco in which Peggy Ann Garner, speaking this time with a rich brogue, worms her way into the heart of George Raft, the honest proprietor of a high-class honky-tonk. It suggests that possibly Miss Garner ought to let her mother read her scripts.

—W. G.

•

Some indications of preparations for this cleansing of the Aegean stables... —*Time.*

Better get the woman of Andros to help on *that* job.

LISTEN: JULY 14, 1945

For Your CBS Album:

Bernard Herrmann is conductor of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. He has just won the annual Juilliard Publication Award for his score *For The Fallen.* In 1942 he won (a) the joint $1000 grant of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters; (b) the Motion Picture Academy's "Oscar" for his score for *The Devil and Daniel Webster.* He's now composing an opera based on *Wuthering Heights.* Two weeks ago he was 34 years old, and four weeks from now he'll conduct the CBS orchestra on Sunday afternoons while the N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, after 115 consecutive weeks on the air, takes a 7-week vacation.

★

Out in Tulsa, listeners to Columbia's affiliated station, KTUL, have just finished voting for their favorite overseas service man. To vote you had to buy a bond. The size of the bond determined the number of votes you could cast. When the winner comes home KTUL will give him a 5-room furnished house, a new car, a year's supply of gas and oil and a complete wardrobe.

★

Kathleen Norris says it's easy to write the 260 scripts a year for *Bright Horizon* because it's practically the story of her life. She's not unused to writing. She has written 70 novels, 200 short stories and assorted articles, poems, plays and radio scripts.

★

The CBS Sound Effects Department had its windows open the other day while testing the sound of a fire engine on the way to a fire. But the cop on the corner didn't know that, and held up Madison Avenue traffic for a couple of minutes.

★

Between D-Day and V-E Day CBS broadcast from overseas 127½ hours of news. That's 25% more than was broadcast by network B; 33% more than network C; and 78% more than network D.

★

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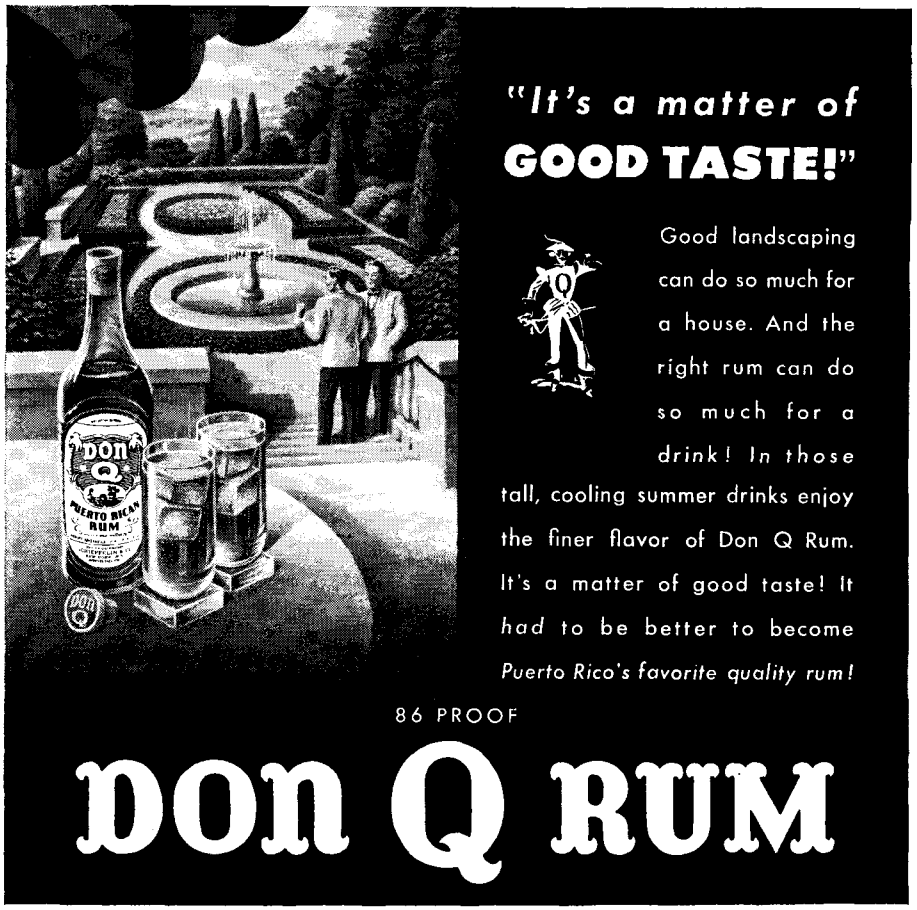
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Good landscaping can do so much for a house. And the right rum can do so much for a drink! In those tall, cooling summer drinks enjoy the finer flavor of Don Q Rum. It's a matter of good taste! It had to be better to become Puerto Rico's favorite quality rum!
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OF ALL THINGS

WITHOUT a dissenting vote, the Senate confirmed the appointment of ex-Senator James F. Byrnes as Secretary of State. The senators are always glad to see local boys make good.

•

Because of the recognition of the Warsaw regime by the United Nations, the London Polish Government has gone into a state of suspended animation. Its members have been deactivated, have been placed in tactical reserve, and are wondering how they will eat.

•

Ratification of the United Nations Charter by the Senate may be something of a bandwagon affair, but there will be no unseemly rush. The statesmen will naturally want to relieve themselves of many weighty thoughts before they climb on.

•

Mayor Kelly has started a campaign to have Chicago made the permanent capital of the United Nations organization. We assume that Colonel McCormick would promise not to shoot the British and Russian delegates except in self-defense.

•

The local newspaper deliverers' strike has made life difficult for many people hereabouts. However, no one will forget how our humanitarian Mayor met the emergency by reading the comic strips over the radio to minimize the sufferings of the innocent little ones.

•

Dillinger's sister, in Indiana, is suing a movie company for $500,000 damages because it produced a film which represents John as a ruthless killer. Hollywood, the lady says, must not be allowed to besmirch the memory of a great and good man.

•

The Bureau of Internal Revenue announces that the $2,500 a year for expenses which the members of the House recently voted themselves is not exempt from taxation. All men are equal, it seems, in the sight of the Treasury Department.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MENUS, NYLONS, WIPING CLOTHS, AND ABDULLAHS

FINDING myself, not long ago, in the company of an official of the local Office of Price Administration, I asked him how his organization was making out in its persistent but seemingly forlorn struggle against the black market. He gave me a weak smile and said that it was like someone with an A card trying to get out to a country weekend place often enough to keep the garden weeded. What's more, this O.P.A. man continued glumly, the gardener, whether he wins or the weeds do, will be out from under by September, whereas the boys doing battle with the black market, no matter how hopefully they may peer into the future, can see no breathing spell ahead of them. As for the effects of V-E on the situation, my friend said, they are all likely to be bad, since the end of the fighting in Europe means more rather than fewer mouths for this country to feed and more shivering backs to clothe, which is almost certain to result in mounting shortages. It is in such circumstances that black-marketeers thrive and multiply.

The thing that really galled my companion about the whole thing was the fact that in his opinion the black market in this city could be thoroughly and fairly painlessly wiped out in not much more time than it would take Mayor LaGuardia to get steamed up for a squabble with Chester Bowles. All that would be necessary, he said, would be for every more or less law-abiding person to stop buying black-market goods for a mere two days and there wouldn't be any black market left. Such a moratorium, he thought, would demoralize fly-by-night crooked operators, would enable essentially honest tradesmen to return to their legal ways, and—perhaps most important—would demonstrate to everyone that New York could get along quite nicely without a black market. The O.P.A. man was not optimistic about the prospects of such a millennium. "Two lousy days is all," he said. "Forty-eight lousy hours. But it'll never come off, you can be sure. At best, we're fighting for a draw." One reason my O.P.A. friend was as discouraged as this about the problem is that the O.P.A. is hopelessly undermanned. The authorities are convinced that there are more black-market transactions here every day than there are standard penal offenses in a year, but there are a hundred cops in the city for every O.P.A. investigator.

After my casual encounter with the pensive O.P.A. man, I decided to try to dig up a little information about what goes on when black-market operators go to work on a city against a conscientious but minuscule opposition. Despite its shorthandedness, the O.P.A., I discovered, has managed to get some fairly impressive results. Last year, for example, 29,025 New York black-market offenders were brought to court on charges of violating O.P.A. regulations and 25,853 of them were found guilty. The number of actual violations was, of course, many times that. A few of the men convicted got as much as two and a half years in jail and altogether the guilty parties forked over fines amounting to somewhat more than the local O.P.A.'s appropriation of $2,500,000. It is reasonable to suppose that the O.P.A., in its negative rôle of discouraging black-market transactions by its shadowy but ever-present threat of detection, has accomplished considerably more than these figures reveal.

In general, the black market would seem to owe its existence to the connivings of four groups of citizens. These groups, which have very little in common except their conspiracy, are gangsters; a group of slickers the O.P.A. calls smooth operators; wholesalers and retailers; and housewives. Gangsters, so far, have been among the least of the O.P.A.'s troubles. Most of the activities of this bunch have consisted of robbing rationing boards of gasoline coupons, plus some spare-time efforts in the field of coupon counterfeiting. All this is obviously simple, straightforward crime, calling for simple, straightforward detection and prosecution, and the O.P.A. has not had much trouble in handling such cases. The smooth operators are a far more difficult problem. "They're the boys who live by their wits, and New York is full of them," a second O.P.A. official told me. "They make one killing a week, maybe, and play cards the rest of the time. They're the same fellows who used to lean out of a sedan and

"I love you. Do you hear? Love you, love you, love you."

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EDWIN LESTER presents The musical triumph
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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Air-Cond. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell
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A Dramatic Legend by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
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2nd YEAR
I WANNA GET MARRIED!
GERTRUDE NIESEN IN FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
AIR-COND.
BROADHURST Thea. W. 44 St. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

say, 'Pssst, Buddy! Wanna buy a suit cheap?' Lots of them are salesmen who are unemployed now because there is nothing to sell." The members of this group don't care what line of goods they deal in; they'll handle any commodity there's a shortage of. The smooth operators have handled not only such staples as food and liquor but also such less likely articles as women's housecoats, waste paper, bedsprings, broadcloth shirts, and zippers. These men are the most active and enterprising elements in the black market, but generally they are not professional criminals. As this O.P.A. man explained it to me, they aren't organized in rings or any other sort of criminal association, and their point of view, as they go about messing up the city's price structure, is no more sinister than a bookie's or a fake auctioneer's.

No two big-scale black-market transactions are likely to work in exactly the same way, but a typical deal might start with a telephone tip to an up-and-coming smooth operator informing him that a local wholesale grocery firm has a warehouse full of canned red salmon. This prompts the fellow to leave his card game and get in touch with the head of the firm, offering to sell the salmon at above-ceiling prices and guaranteeing that the wholesaler's name won't be mentioned to anyone. All the wholesaler has to do is promise this obliging operator a split in the profits. The salmon is moved out of the warehouse in trucks with no identifying marks on them, bound for scores of small retailers.

The "tie-in," which most people know something about by this time, is a perhaps less shady method of operating on the black market, and some wholesalers probably favor it because it eliminates the middleman. However, the wholesaler is thus very directly involved in black-market transactions. It may be that the middleman owes his livelihood to the fact that some wholesalers are more squeamish than others. The tie-in, a familiar manifestation at all levels, from wholesalers to corner shops, consists of selling, for the legal amount, something that is scarce and has a ceiling price, on the condition that the purchaser will also buy something that is plentiful and has no ceiling price. Tie-ins are especially prevalent in the fruit-and-vegetable business. A veteran retailer, turning up at Washington Market in the early hours of the morning, would no longer be too surprised to learn that he had to buy, say, cabbage (plentiful) if he wanted to get any string beans (scarce). If he agreed to the arrangement, he would pay whatever the O.P.A. said he should for the beans, but the cabbage, on which the O.P.A. doesn't have a price ceiling, would cost him two dollars for a hundred-pound bag, which is about a dollar and a half more than it is worth. This procedure has become so matter-of-course that O.P.A. investigators have found some wholesalers using menus, so called, to sell their wares. A menu does away with irritable, early-morning haggling and embarrassing explanations and puts the transaction on a genteel basis. At the approach of a customer, the wholesaler simply holds up his menu for the customer to study. It is a small card that perhaps reads as follows:

	2 spinach
1 string beans	3 cabbage
	2 tomatoes

Translated, the menu means that if the retailer buys one basket of string beans, he will also have to buy two crates of spinach, three sacks of cabbage, and two boxes of tomatoes.

Without the coöperation of the wholesalers and retailers and the housewives, the black market obviously wouldn't get very far, no matter how industrious the gangsters and smooth operators might be. Thousands of otherwise honest businessmen and their millions of otherwise honest customers are the termites with which the O.P.A. would most like to deal but who are most elusive. Merchants who have never even had their names on a police blotter for speeding have been sidestepping O.P.A. regulations because they consider that the rules run counter to their concept of good business: buy as low as you can, sell as high as you can. When brought into court, many of these men are horrified at the implication that they are criminals and point with pride to the fact that they have sons serving in the Army, that they have put their money into War Bonds, and that they have donated gallons of blood for plasma. Judges are inclined to rule that such matters are beside the point.

As for the consumers, they are, of course, the familiar combination of good intentions and human frailty. Housewives have weakened to the extent of a black-market steak and then, in a mood that is evidently a mixture of remorse at having faltered and indignation at having been rooked, have written to the O.P.A., giving the name and address of the dealer in whose shop the transgression took place. These

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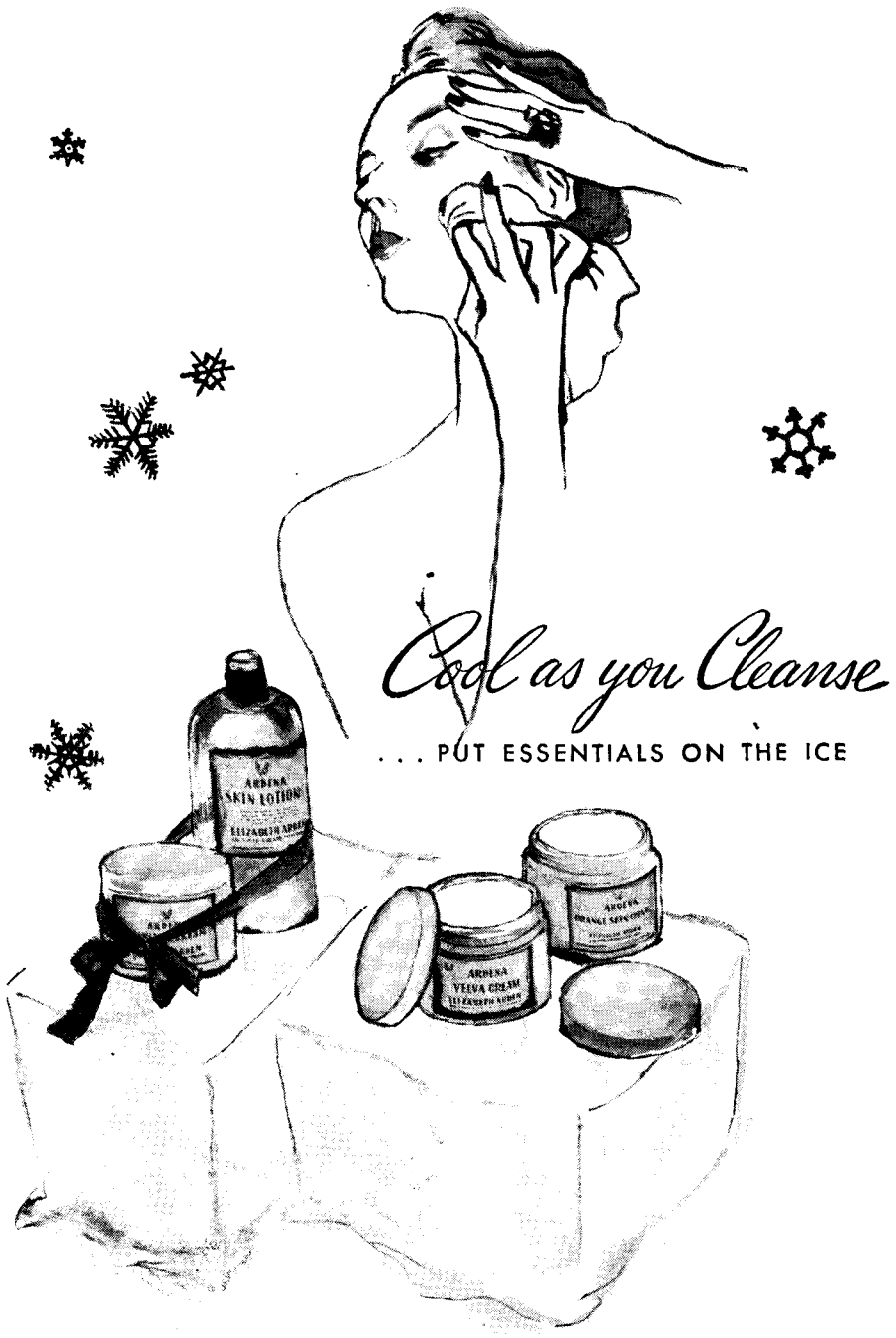
ladies, the O.P.A. records show, usually are anonymous. Their letters would do a lot more good if the ladies included offers to serve as witnesses, without whom the O.P.A. can't prosecute.

MOST of the O.P.A.'s enforcement work is concerned with checking up on wholesalers, for the good reason that they naturally are the basic source of illegal supplies and for the even better one that there aren't enough O.P.A. investigators to make much of a dent in whatever finagling goes on among the city's thousands and thousands of retailers. Usually, the investigators' jobs are humdrum: a tip comes in, an agent is assigned to the case, he looks over the suspect's records (under O.P.A. regulations, records have to be kept), and, if he finds evidence of overcharging, has the man haled into court. Once in a while, a case won't be as simple, and the investigator will have something to talk to his wife about when he goes home to dinner.

Such a case was the one involving a firm I'll call the Abdullah Linen Company, in the West Thirties, a concern specializing in sheets, pillowcases, quilts, and Mexican hemstitching, run by two Syrian brothers named Joe and Charlie Abdullah. The downfall of this pair started when the O.P.A. received a tip that they were overcharging manufacturers for rayon and cotton. The tip sounded like a dud because the Abdullahs were manufacturers themselves and it didn't seem likely that they would be supplying their rivals with rayon and cotton when such materials were scarce. However, the O.P.A. decided it might as well investigate the matter and assigned one of its agents—an elderly fellow named Jacob Nankin, who had had some experience in the textile trade—to trudge around and have a look. Entering the Abdullahs' office, Nankin was told by a secretary that both her employers were out. Nankin said he'd wait, and when Joe and Charlie showed up, half an hour later, he said he'd like to have a look at their records. The brothers seemed worried, but they were polite. One of them told the investigator, "If you're looking for millionaires, we're not them." The other said, "Let's all go out and have a cup of coffee and a nice piece of cake." Nankin replied that he was interested in neither millionaires nor coffee and cake but that he did want to see the firm's books. At this point, the brothers remembered that they had sent their records to an accountant for an annual auditing. Nankin said he would go



When the mercury boils and you feel wilted, take the advice of Elizabeth Arden and put Ardena Creams and Lotions in the ice-box, to Cool as you Cleanse. Have a bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist always on ice, too . . . touch it gently to wrists and temples, use it generously after your bath, see how instantly you're refreshed, how the delightful fragrance clings . . . it's easy to be cool and calm and pretty the Elizabeth Arden way.

CLEANSE with ice-cool Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream (if your skin is oily) or Ardena Cleansing Cream (for normal or dry skin), 1.00 to 6.00

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FRANK FAY in

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A New Comedy by MARY CHASE

with JOSEPHINE HULL

Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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A BELL FOR ADANO

GENE TIERNEY • JOHN HODIAK • WILLIAM BENDIX

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

over to the accountant's office, but the Abdullahs told him that it wouldn't be worth the bother, since they'd have the books back first thing in the morning. Helpfully, they added that they did have a few purchase invoices on hand and told Nankin that if he wanted to have a look at those he was perfectly welcome. Nankin said he guessed he would. As the brothers gave him the invoices, they said that they did not sell any of their cotton and rayon but made all they could get hold of into their own products right on the premises.

The investigator spent the rest of the day plowing through the purchase invoices, although he figured it was probably a waste of time, since what he wanted was the company's sales invoices. On the back of one of the purchase invoices, Nankin found the scrawled name of a textile manufacturer, but this merely looked like so much doodling, so he didn't give it much thought. At six-thirty that evening he wished the brothers good night and went home. From where Nankin was sitting, it looked like just another day in the life of an O.P.A. investigator.

Returning to the Abdullah establishment the next morning, Nankin discovered that there had been a sensational development during his absence. Joe and Charlie were on hand to inform him that there had been a fire on their premises and that, along with their entire stock, the records, which they had sent for after his departure the evening before, had been burned up. It was the first fire in the company's history and it had happened only three hours after Nankin had left. Among the firm's merchandise, Nankin noted, the only large loss was some three hundred dozen ladies' gloves, which had been made in Germany before the war, and obviously had been taking up space for a long, unprofitable period. Whatever the cause of the fire or the depth of the brothers' despair, Nankin, by now quite interested in his assignment, realized that he had practically nothing to work on.

Pondering his next move, the investigator recalled the name of the textile manufacturer he had come across the day before on the back of one of the purchase invoices. He looked up the man, who specialized in making cheap cotton and rayon house dresses, sportswear, and skirts. The records of this firm showed Nankin that the Abdullahs had lied to him: they had most certainly sold the company substantial quantities of cotton and rayon. However, there was nothing illegal about selling this stuff if the ceiling prices were observed, and the first batch of bills from the Abdullahs that Nankin tackled showed a scrupulous regard for O.P.A. regulations—full details of quality, quantity, ceiling prices, and so on were given. A second batch of bills, though, gave the brothers away. Among these were twenty invoices in which no details of the shipments involved appeared and the prices given, as it turned out, had nothing to do with O.P.A. ceilings. The twenty invoices, Nankin correctly figured out, represented overcharges on the sales covered in the first set of invoices. About six hundred thousand yards of cotton, and a black-market overcharge of fifty-six thousand dollars, were involved. It turned out that the Abdullahs, despite the fact that they were manufacturers themselves, were perfectly willing to sell material to other manufacturers in times like these. The brothers had found that they could make a lot more money by just selling material on the black market than they could by hanging on to it and making sheets and pillowcases themselves. Nankin turned up three other Abdullah customers, all of whom had had a similar experience, and brought the brothers to court. He had proof that in five months the Abdullahs had collected overcharges totalling $119,335 from the four firms. This was regarded as a crime sufficiently serious to warrant a fine of $82,500 and a sentence of thirty days for one of the brothers and of sixty days for the other.

The results of Nankin's triumph might have been more far-reaching if the O.P.A. had had the manpower to prosecute the case a little more fanatically. For one thing, it eased up in its investigation after tracking down only four customers, on the ground that it had sufficient evidence to convict the two brothers. For another, it went only partway in its investigations of the firms that supplied the Abdullahs with goods and were overcharging, too. The O.P.A. apparently felt that it had thrown a scare into one section of the textile black market and that it had better hustle on to the next. It did have the satisfaction of knowing that one of the four Abdullah customers went out of business shortly after the trial, presumably because he could no longer get the material he needed, and that another textile firm which came under suspicion during the proceedings also folded.

A VERY tangible manifestation of the black market is the "meat-easy," one of this era's less felicitous attempts at word coining. Meateasies,

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as many people are already aware, are usually in rundown blocks on the fringes of high-income districts, so that they will be easily accessible to customers who can pay their prices and at the same time will give O.P.A. investigators the impression that they cater to a neighborhood clientele that cannot afford a black-market tariff. Some of these meateasies keep their blinds drawn and their front doors bolted, but they have a rear door open to a selected group of customers. The less imaginative meateasy proprietors leave their front doors open but keep their meat concealed, simply telling innocent customers that they have nothing to sell. The operators of meateasies aren't interested in soliciting business indiscriminately, because their meat supply, although rather more plentiful than that of their law-abiding rivals, is nevertheless limited. All they want is a coöperative set of customers who will pay a dollar or more a pound for steak and keep their mouths shut.

Wiping and polishing cloths might seem hardly worth the attention of the black marketeers, but the boys do a big business in them. Wiping and polishing cloths, which are converted old rags, are used in quantity by industrial plants. They are also needed by the Navy, which is supposed to get seventy-five per cent of the supply to clean guns, polish machinery, and dust precision instruments. Something like seven million dollars' worth of wiping and polishing cloths are sold annually in New York by special laundries that buy their material from rag collectors, clean it, and market it. Many former rag collectors have found better jobs since the war started, and their absence has helped create a shortage that some unscrupulous laundrymen have sought to mitigate by weighting their bales of rags with articles that would be of dubious value in dusting a precision instrument. Not long ago, the crew of a warship well out at sea broke open a bale of cloths and discovered a set of window blinds in the middle.

A case is pending against a group of men who, the O.P.A. says, used the device of forming a corporation for the ostensible purpose of supplying retailers with meat. The corporation rented a packing plant for slaughtering the meat. The stockholders were a hundred and thirty retail butchers. They got their meat at honest O.P.A. prices, but they also good-naturedly allowed themselves to be "assessed" in order "to absorb slaughtering losses." Each stockholder bought four shares at $500 a

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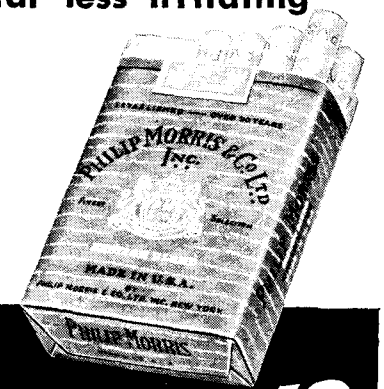

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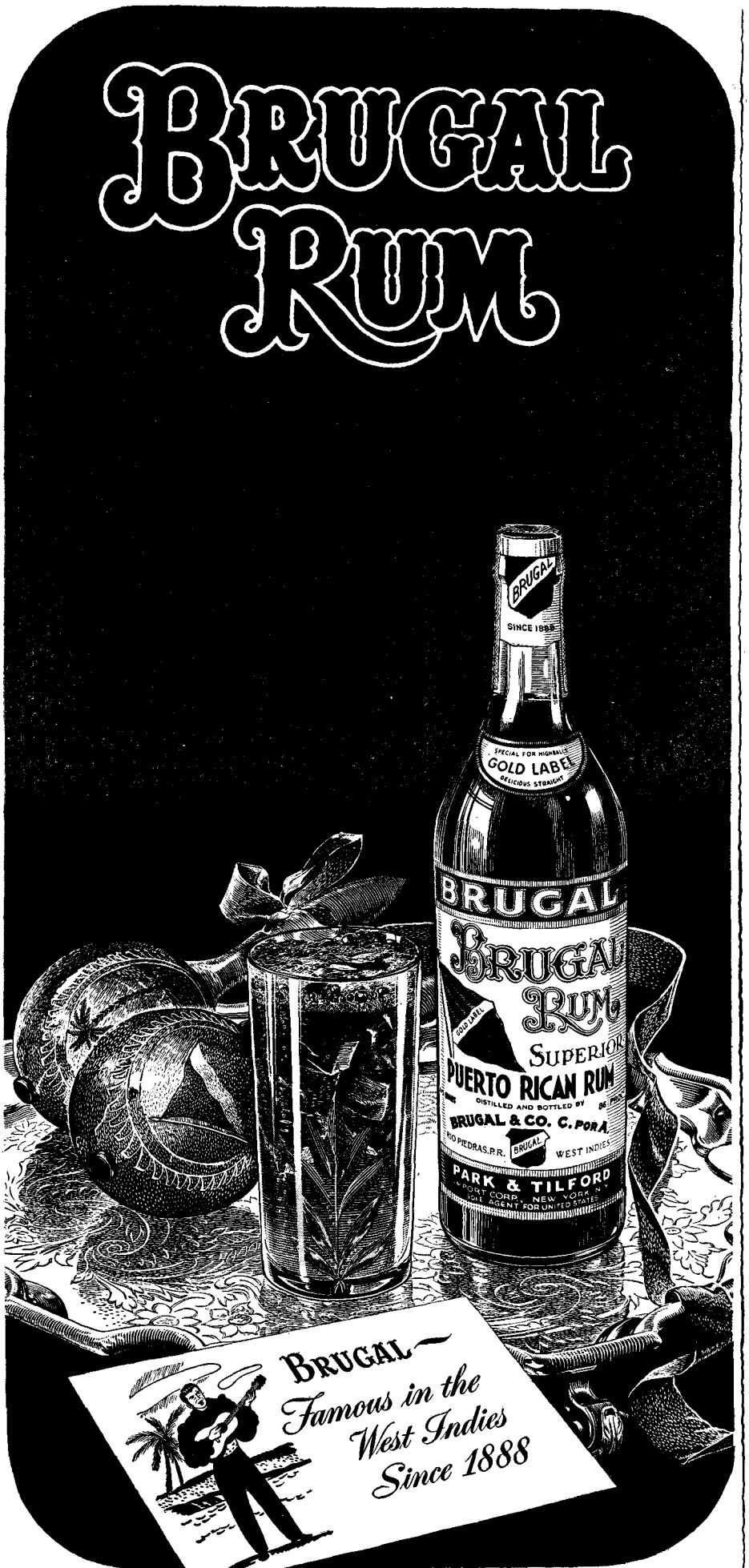

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

share, bringing the capitalization to $260,000. The corporation had been going only a month before the O.P.A. stepped in, and during that time the stockholders had been assessed $580 apiece, or a total of $75,400.

Peddlers of nylon stockings have been having their troubles lately. They have found ready and efficient retail outlets among night-club waiters, but for all their spryness they haven't been able to get their hands on an adequate supply. Science is solving their problem: it has hit upon a combination of chemicals that will make rayon stockings look like nylons. Packing the rayons in boxes marked "nylon" helps, and the stockings can be disposed of for the usual fifteen dollars or so a pair. Unhappily, the effects of the chemicals disappear in the first washing.

HOW long will price control be needed? As long as the war with Japan lasts, and then some, is the shortest time any O.P.A. official is willing to guess. Some officials think their agency will be unnecessary six months after the war's end; others think that it will have to go on for years. Nearly all of them wish they had less negative jobs. Mr. Daniel P. Woolley, the O.P.A. director for this region, looks forward to the day it will end. "I'll probably celebrate with a beefsteak party when O.P.A.'s no longer needed," he says.

The way in which many O.P.A. workers regard their thankless job is fairly well summed up by Max Mencher, Mr. Woolley's assistant, who finds relief in letting his poetic mind play upon the problems of the moment. "Price control," Mr. Mencher told me the other day, "is like the moon. Looking at it with the naked eye from a distance, it looks fine. And it is. But if you're living with its problems from day to day, it's like looking through a telescope; you can see the fissures and the craters. And sometimes," Mr. Mencher said, "I think to myself I can throw away the damn telescope and still see them."

—DANIEL LANG

•

C. writes: I see faces of people and animals—leopards, skunks, donkeys, dogs, cockroaches, etc., not only in my sleep but throughout the day, on all five walls of my room, in the streets, and everywhere. What is the name of this psychopathic state? It can't be dementia praecox because my I.Q. is high.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

The first thing to do is get a carpenter in there and straighten out that room.

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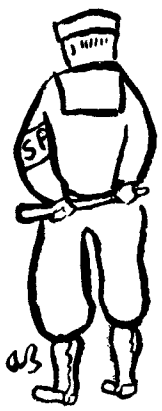
EARLY TO BED

MY father used to boast that he had never missed a day's work in his life. He attributed this achievement to his strength of character, but Mother and I knew that it was because he had never known a minute's sickness. He had never even had the toothache. So when he came home one Saturday and told us that the mill was on strike and half the village idle, Mother was upset. Father was very cheerful. He said that thousands of other folk in the north of England were on strike, too, so it couldn't last long. Mother had been in favor of a strike because at that time—the early twenties—the textile industry was coining money, prices were rising, and wages weren't catching up with prices. But she had believed that the threat of a strike would be enough, and now that Father was out of work she was worried.

"We shall be all right," Father said. "We get strike pay from the union as long as the funds last."

Mother pointed out the inadequacies of strike pay, but Father had no head for figures. He could remember the dates on which he had heard the first cuckoo of every spring since 1900, and he had a large repertoire of songs, but he couldn't remember the price of flour. Mother could scarcely tell a hawk from a handsaw, and the only birds she cared about were boiled or roasted, but she could plan like a general. She would announce, eight weeks in advance, the date on which one of the family could have a new outfit.



"We can't last three weeks without getting into debt," Mother said, and her face was white.

"Well, let's get into debt," said Father happily. "Anybody in this village'll lend me money. They know I'm as honest as the day."

"And how long will it take to pay the money back?" Mother asked him.

"Well, now," Father said, "if we borrowed five pounds and paid back two shillings a week—"

"Two weeks short of a year," I said. I was twelve years old, and good at arithmetic.

"Be quiet, girl!" Father said angrily. "And you," he went on, addressing my eight-year-old brother, "stop hammering so we can think." My brother was always hammering, and he preferred dismantling to assembling.

"What will you do when you're on strike?" I asked Father.

"Well, there should be enough of us in the village to make two cricket teams," Father said. "And a few of us'll have to picket the mill. Picketing's weary work. You just sit at the mill door to see nobody goes in, and yawn your head off."

"And if somebody comes to work?" I asked.

"We just tell 'em to go home. But nobody'll come. It'll be as quiet as the grave. It always is, they say. Now, in eighteen hundred and ninety—"

"Can we get back to the money?" Mother asked bitterly.

"All right," Father said. "What do you do with my wages every week?"

Mother didn't answer. She had begun writing figures on the back of an envelope.

"Well?" Father asked.

"You can look at these figures," Mother said. "They show what it costs to live."

"I can never read your figures," Father said. "You make 'em too small."

"Have you finished thinking now?" my brother asked, picking up his hammer and starting to work again.

"There'll be no new clothes this year," Mother said. "But that doesn't help us at this minute. We haven't a penny saved, for I spent all we had on your overcoat."

"I told you not to buy it," said Father triumphantly. "And I don't like the fit around the shoulders. It smothers me."

"Will you keep to the point?" Mother asked.

"How can anybody keep to a point with that hammering going on?" Father shouted. "It's driving me out of my wits! Go and hammer in the kitchen, will you?"

My brother gave him a cold glance and went off with the hammer.

"Now," Father said, "where were we?"

"Discussing these figures," Mother said. "Whatever else happens, the rent must be paid. So we've only two ways open. We burn less coal and we eat less food."

"I can't sit in front of a poor fire," Father said. "It makes me miserable as sin."

"You won't need to sit in front of it," Mother explained. "We shall all go to

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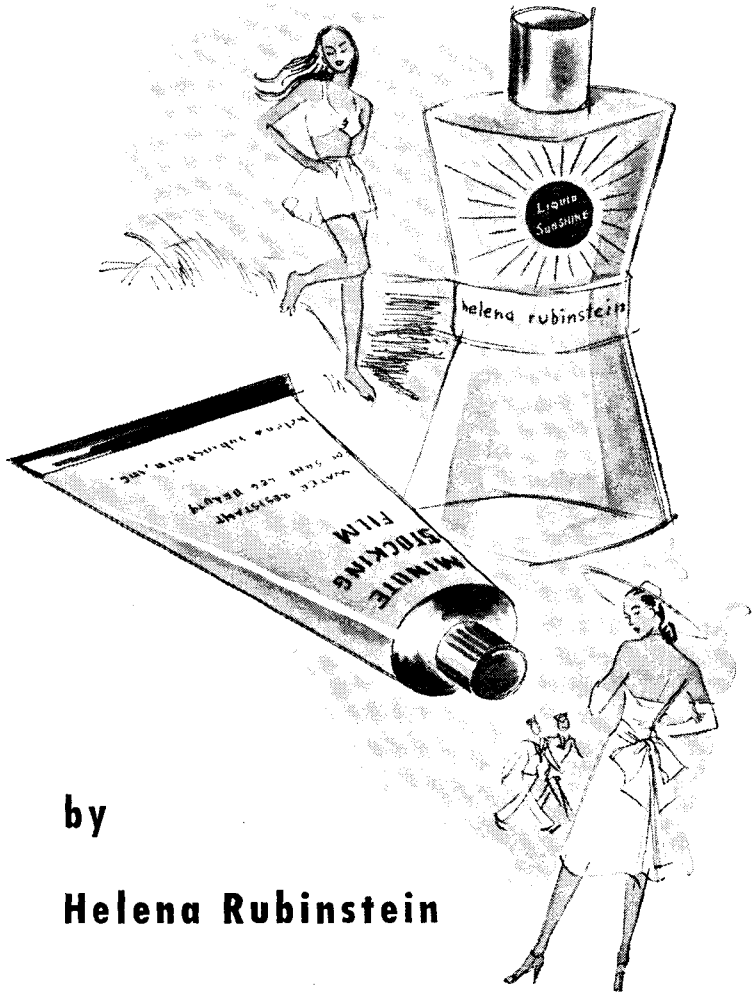

by

Helena Rubinstein

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bed at eight every night. That cuts out supper and saves coal."

Father thought this a wonderful idea and warmly commended it.

"You'll all be able to get up in decent time," he said. "The way you lie in bed in a morning is shameful." He always got up at five and he couldn't understand why the rest of us didn't.

"It's high time these young 'uns went to bed sooner," Father said. "They'll grow faster."

My problem at the time was to grow slower, and if I had known of any food that stunted growth, I would have eaten it. I was the tallest girl of my age in the school and our neighbors frequently remarked that I'd end up as big as a mill chimney.

"I'm not going to bed at eight if it makes me grow," I said.

"Your grandfather was six feet two," Father declared, "and I'd like to see you as tall as him. There wasn't a finer-looking man in all England. He was as straight as a picking rod."

"It's Saturday," Mother said loudly. "We'll begin tonight." Whenever she came to a decision, she acted on it right away.

"Nay," Father protested. "Not tonight. I've arranged to go for a game of billiards at eight. We'll make it tomorrow. The Sabbath's a good day for starting a new system."

Finally Mother agreed, and I went into the kitchen to tell my brother that tomorrow we were beginning a new life. He didn't like the idea, as he was accustomed to eating supper at nine and going to bed at ten. Thinking it might be some consolation, I told him that all rich children went to bed early. I had read about them in books and knew their habits.

"Do they have their supper in bed?" my brother asked. "Nobody can fall asleep at eight."

I assured him that the delicate creatures did.

"Then they must be soft," my brother said, and returned to his hammering. He was breaking up a doll's perambulator that somebody had given him. He said he was going to do something special with the wheels. He always had wonderful ideas, but they went wrong in execution.

"I'll tell you what," he said, stopping his hammer in mid-flight. "We'll eat a lot in the daytime and then we won't get hungry in bed."

"And we can take books to read," I suggested. "The daylight lasts till ten."

"I could take my hammer and wheels

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and a screwdriver," he said thoughtfully. "And nails."

NEXT morning, Father took my brother and me for a walk over the moors. It was unwise, as the fresh air sharpened our appetites. At noon we ate a dinner of roast beef and vegetables and baked apples. Father wanted to give us an extra helping of meat, as we were not going to have any supper, but Mother wouldn't allow it. She told him that this was the last joint of meat we would see till the strike was over.

" 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,' " Father said, and winked at me. Mother said the way he thrust his burdens on her and the Lord was disgraceful. We all enjoyed the dinner.

During the afternoon, my brother and I grew restless and irritable, for the prospect of going to bed early weighed on us. We quarrelled several times, and once I hit him, though I repented of it three minutes later. The sound of his hammering was enough to try anybody's patience. The day was cool and rainy, as so many summer days in England are, and Father kept stoking up the fire, although Mother reproached him for doing it. At five we had tea and bread and a boiled egg each. Next week, Mother said, there would be no eggs at all. Father said he had never cared much for eggs; the only proper food for a man was beef.

Around seven we all became lively, even Mother. Father quoted proverbs, religious and secular. He told us to consider the lilies of the field and he sang "Little Brown Jug" with spirit. Mother said we ought to have had this system of living long ago. It was clear, she said, that we had been overeating for years. I don't know how she came to this conclusion, for we were a lean family, but she was suddenly convinced that during the strike we would grow healthier daily. Father said look how strong the Irish were on a diet of whiskey and potatoes. Mother couldn't agree with him about the Irish and had never tasted whiskey in her life, but she was pleased, she said, to learn that potatoes were health-giving, for in a couple of weeks we should be living on nothing else.

At eight my brother and I, thoroughly washed and brushed, were in bed. Father had assured us, from the depths of the Sunday paper, that he would be upstairs and asleep by eight-thirty. I had hidden a copy of "Little Women" under my pillow, but my brother had failed to get his hammer, nails, and wheels beyond the foot of the stairs. I had a bedroom rather larger than a box, divided from his by a thin plaster wall, and I had no sooner started reading than he began calling to me to say he couldn't sleep. I took no notice and went on reading about how the March family gave their Christmas dinner to the poor. I felt sorry for the poor, and it never occurred to me that we were to be numbered among them. Presently we heard Father and Mother come upstairs. My brother stopped telling me how miserable he was and soon the house was quiet.

As the church clock boomed nine, the bedroom door opened and my brother came in. He climbed on my bed and buried his face in my pillow.

"I can't sleep," he said. "I feel awful."

"You mean you feel hungry," I said. "You can just go back to your own bed, because you won't get anything to eat. We're on strike."

"I can't bear it," he said. "Nobody knows how hungry I am except God."

I offered to read "Little Women" to him ever so quietly, but he said he didn't like the book. He had already tried it.

"How long does a strike last?" he asked. "Two weeks?"

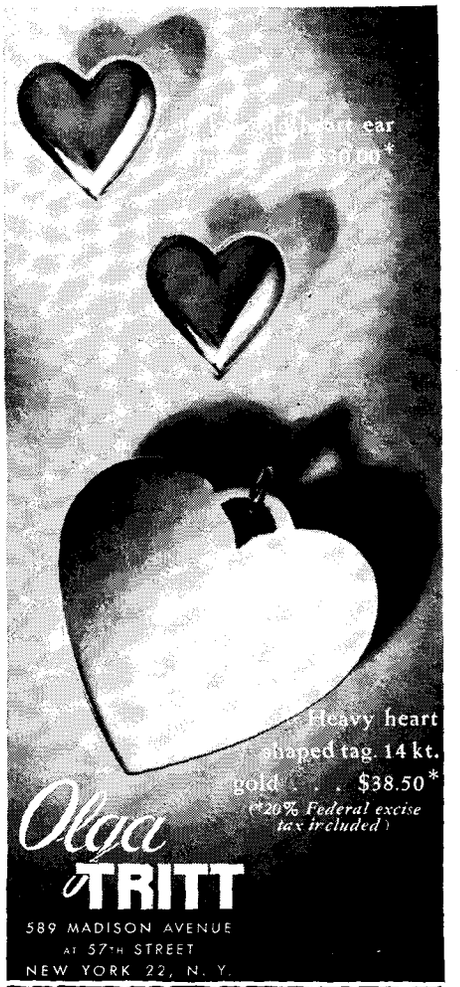
I said that it all depended on the mill owners. It might last two years. He groaned and assured me he had a terrible pain. I suggested calling Mother, but he said that was useless, as it was a hunger pain. Couldn't I creep downstairs and get him a slice of bread and jam? He wanted a glass of milk, too, he said, because he was burning up with thirst.

I shut "Little Women" and started to think. My stomach, accustomed to a nine-o'clock supper, stirred uneasily. I knew it was wrong to eat recklessly during a strike, but nevertheless it seemed wise to eat as long as there was food in the house. When the food was finished, one could starve with less nervous strain. I said finally that I would get the bread if he would come downstairs with me. If there was to be any punishment for eating supper during a strike, he must take his share.

The living room was dim and cold. The fire had burned out and there was a heap of gray ashes in the grate. But the bread, thickly buttered, was delicious. We sat on the hearthrug in our nightgowns and were arguing in whispers about who should get up and prepare the next slices when we heard Father's step on the stairs.

"Now we shall catch it," I said.

Father came in, with his trousers on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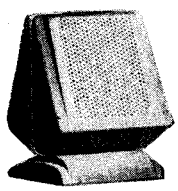

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over his nightshirt. He sat down on the sofa and looked at us steadily for a minute. Then he got up and put some kindling and coal on the fire.

"While you're at it, you'd better cut me a slice," he said. "And I'll fetch the cold beef out of the cellar."

By the time Mother got downstairs, we were all three eating cold-beef sandwiches and Father was blowing up the fire with a pair of bellows.

"Well, we're all here now," Father said. "Cut yourself a sandwich. This is the best beef we've had for months."

"It's for tomorrow's dinner and Tuesday's," Mother said, and she didn't smile.

"You never know what tomorrow'll bring," Father said firmly. "The strike might be over and we'd have starved ourselves for naught."

"This isn't the way to win," Mother said, looking at the fire, which was a beauty.

"We had to have a fire," Father said. "These two 'ud catch pneumonia in nothing but their nightgowns. Come on, I'll cut you a sandwich."

MOTHER ate the sandwich and Father put the kettle on the fire and made tea. We sat around the fire till eleven, drinking tea and laughing. Mother didn't laugh, but she smiled occasionally.

"You see," Father said when we finally decided to go to bed, "I was right. It's simple. We just borrow five pounds—"

"I've never borrowed," Mother said. "And I never will. We'll starve first."

A couple of weeks later we borrowed five pounds. We went on staying up nights and eating suppers. We borrowed three more pounds. The strike lasted six weeks and ended in a compromise. Father said you could call it a victory, but Mother was writing figures on envelopes for nearly a year.

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

WHICH PAGE OF "WOMAN'S LIFE" D'YA READ?

The young girl has her choice of projected personality, too.... She, herself, can visualize herself—and carry out this visualization. Want to look like a college girl? That's not hard. Dress like one. Wear your hair like one. That's all.—*Winter, 1944, issue, page 32.*

There is a great deal of talk about dressing yourself to be the kind of person you want to be. That is more or less tommyrot.... Take the advice about dressing to your personality with a grain of salt too.—*Same issue, page 74.*

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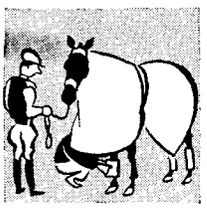
THE RACE TRACK

Stymied

ONCE again we have the spectacle of a not quite first-class horse winning a first-class race largely because of nice timing and teamwork. I refer to Stymie in the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont, on the Fourth of July. Stymie, as every horseplayer knows, invariably starts slowly in races and then finishes up with a great rush—or seems to, anyway. Hirsch Jacobs, in whose wife's name Stymie runs, decided that Stymie could stand a little help from a stablemate. He selected a nimble, Class-C animal named Haile and instructed the jockey to ride the horse at top speed as far as possible, in order to wear out any runners rash enough to chase him and thus soften them up for Stymie's charge. This tactic is about the oldest in racing. Also, it is usually successful. Haile ran the first six furlongs of the Brooklyn in 1:10⅘, which is fast time for a sprint, with both members of William Helis's entry, Olympic Zenith and Rounders, right behind him. (Incidentally, that wasn't very bright of their jockeys; one of them should have ridden a waiting race.) Devil Diver was well up front, too. It all worked out just the way Jacobs had hoped it would. Devil Diver took the lead in the stretch, but Stymie came along in time and won with something to spare.



Strangely, of all the horses that Jacobs has handled, Stymie, a plain-looking chestnut colt by Equestrian out of Stop Watch, is the first to win what amounts to a classic race. Jacobs, a chunky, red-haired, former pigeon raiser, who has topped the list of winning trainers for eleven years and will probably do it again this season, claimed Stymie from the King Ranch for $1,500 during the 1943 spring meeting at Belmont. Stymie has shown flashes of promise from time to time. Early last year he was considered a Kentucky Derby and Preakness possibility, but nothing ever came of this. Altogether, he has started sixty-three times, won ten races, finished second in sixteen, and earned $119,400 in prize money, including the $39,200 he picked up in the Brooklyn. That's not bad going. You might remember, though, that he may have to carry more weight from now on.

Considered by itself, Devil Diver's performance in the Brooklyn was the best one he's turned in this year—even better than his triumphs in the Metropolitan and the Suburban. He carried 132 pounds, spotting Stymie sixteen and most of the others more than that. In the circumstances, I think he did all that we could reasonably have expected him to do.

Well, it was fun to be back at Belmont, if only for an afternoon. The holiday crowd was fifty-odd thousand, and, of course, Aqueduct could never have handled it. With a crowd of thirty thousand on hand, Aqueduct begins to rip at the seams. The evident approval with which everybody welcomed the shift for the Brooklyn is probably going to influence the Queens County Jockey Club to run off its Labor Day program at Belmont.

MOST of the races at Aqueduct so far won't be remembered six months from now by anybody except some statistician compiling the parimutuel handle. It is nothing against the races that they won't be, but it is also nothing in their favor. One exception was the Carter Handicap, in which my old pet Apache carried 130 pounds, led all the way, and beat Wait a Bit—to whom he gave nine pounds—in an exciting finish. The Gazelle Stakes, won by Ace Card, was another.

LISTENING to the broadcast of the Santa Anita Handicap last week, Colonel Martingale had a feeling that he had somehow tuned into a conference at M-G-M. Everybody but Bing Crosby was eagerly picking Mr. Mayer's Thumbs Up to win. He did, too. From all accounts, Thumbs Up ran a remarkable race to beat Texas Sandman, whom you may remember. Thumbs Up, by the way, is expected at Belmont for the Saratoga races. . . . Speaking of travellers, War Jeep popped out to Chicago and beat Pot o' Luck last Saturday. . . . The Dwyer Stakes will be run at Aqueduct this weekend; this department's fancy is Pavot.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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That babies crave security,
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—MARGARET FISHBACK

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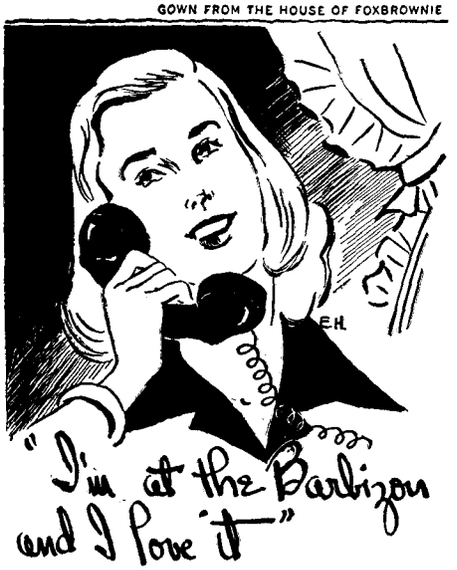

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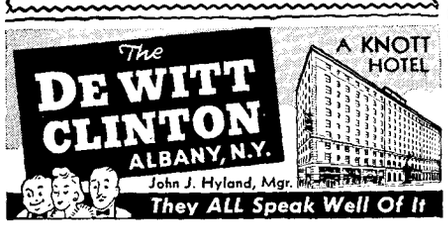
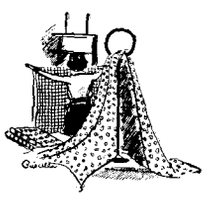


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WOMEN who settle down in the country for the summer, those who commute, and those who do their sunbathing in odd moments on rooftops all seem to want the same thing—simple, adaptable clothes and gewgaws appropriate to a semi-tropical mood; or, to put it another way, dresses that look well anywhere, sashes and scarves that can double as turbans, jewelry that may be worn in several ways, and the rest. Hattie Carnegie's Jeune Fille department, for one, has some unusually nice clothes that commute gracefully. Her pin-checked, bright-blue-and-white, brown-and-white, and gray ditto cotton suits have casually fitted jackets with collarless necks, scalloped white lapels, and scalloped cuffs on three-quarter sleeves. Other suits here have black rayon linen skirts and longer, fitted jackets in a dashing plaid rayon linen in which peacock blue or Shocking predominates, with black rayon linen turnover collars to match the skirts. She also has some two-piece rayon crêpe afternoon dresses that you could easily sail on to dinner in. One, a pale-blue rayon crêpe with colorful, small Chinese figures printed on it, has a low, oval neck and jewelled buttons. A two-piece white rayon crêpe is printed with red scarecrows; a red grosgrain sash ties in a bow in front, above a small peplum. All these dresses and suits are between $30 and $50. You'll find an attractive two-piece rayon jersey bathing suit here, too. The bra top is a bright, tropical floral print on a pastel ground and the shorts are a solid color matching the ground. It's $18.95. If you want to get yourself up like Dorothy Lamour (for $22.95), you can have a matching printed full-length skirt that doubles as a cape.



BERGDORF GOODMAN'S short-sleeved black rayon sheer dresses are—even before you've seen the price tags, which also range from $30 to $50—wonderful. A wrap-around coat dress with a V neck has self-covered buttons slanting down each shoulder and more of them at the set-in waistline; the skirt has a wide center panel and, although there is fullness at each side, the hipline is trim and flat. One little morsel has a scalloped, narrowly slashed décolletage, a narrow sash, and two pink roses at the waistline. Another has sunburst tucks on the diamond-shaped bodice and on the cape sleeves. The only trimming on still another is a deep cowl back extending from the shoulders to the waistline. Bergdorf, which once offered the most dashing of the V-to-the-waistline (somebody or other seems preoccupied with waistlines) décolletages, is now showing quite a few straight-across necklines for afternoon or dinner. One of them, a princesse affair, has a huge rayon taffeta bow on one hip. In all New York, I don't see how you can top these cool little black jobs at the price.

INDIA ARTS & CRAFTS, at 14 East Fifty-sixth Street, work with all manner of hand-woven India cottons and there is nothing of the sari in the way their clothes are cut, as people familiar with their one-piece dresses are aware. Cottons, in multicolored stripes or plaids, are also used here for casual jackets—the kind you can wear over Everything; $29.75. The button-down-the-front sun dresses have wide shoulder straps, set-in belts, and separate short-sleeved boleros. An endlessly useful type of outdoor dress. Hand-blocked India-cotton jumper dresses fasten down the back and are so designed that you needn't wear a blouse. The full evening skirts here look a bit too gypsyish for formal dining, even though they are in solid color, but they would be charming at home. Many women are becoming enthusiastic about this shop's hand-knit, pure silk *naras*, in pale or bright colors. These things are intended to be belts, but bright people, it seems, use them for headbands. They're inexpensive, at $2.95, and a lot of fun.

BONWIT TELLER boasts, none too quietly, about its exclusive Kristina handmade nightgowns, which run from $9.95 to $16.95. The gowns include tailored rayon satins with self-scalloped V necks, tailored rayon crêpes with bindings of white rayon satin and appliquéd white satin bowknots on the chest and shoulders, and long-sleeved rayon crêpe tailored numbers with lace edging on the traditional turnover collar, the tucked bosom, and the cuffs. There are more picturesque jobs, too, such as a rayon crêpe that has puffed sleeves and a drawstring neck across the

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front, with appliquéd rayon satin blossoms for embellishment. One that has a rayon sheer top and a rayon crêpe skirt is trimmed with narrow lace and decorated with rayon satin butterflies. An enchanting white cotton gown—for the many women who love white cotton gowns—has lace forming the wide shoulder straps and banding the heart-shaped bodice. Kristina also makes marvellous handmade infant's clothes. (And you *know* how hard these are to find if you're not bringing an infant up to be a Rockefeller.) Beautiful white batiste christening dresses, trimmed with fine tucks, embroidery, and lace, are $10.95; a lace-edged slip is $3.95.

FOR nonsense in accessories, Bendel's Young-Timers shop offers some particularly attractive jewelry made of delicately tinted seashells—necklaces of massed shells, tiaras, side combs, and such, to give you an idea. Prices range from $1 to $1.95, plus tax. The shop also uses shells to decorate the buckles of wide white or pastel leather belts; $4.95. Small leather envelope bags, at $5.95, plus tax, have shells on the flap. Another bit of foolishness here is a three-strand imitation-pearl dog collar with sterling clasps. Bracelets to match this can, if you like, be fastened to the collar to turn it into a longish necklace. And there are imitation-pearl earrings in snowflake designs. . . . Macy's Little Shops contribute to the merriment of the season some wide stomachers, which consist of masses of field flowers studded with giant sequins. The business ties around the waist with ribbon and would certainly make that old dress feel like a girl again. The price is $8.98. Printed, pure-silk gilets, with high, round necks and net backs, are available in various cheerful designs (such as mermaids cavorting underseas), all glimmering with sequins; $9.98. Or you can have a wreath, made of imitation wheat stalks, studded with gilt sequins, and tied with grosgrain ribbon, to wear as a hatband or in place of a hat. And Macy's has HUGE ceramic earrings, set with fake jewels, for upswept coiffures, and monumental hairpins to match. . . . Young girls who habitually rush the season can find their inexpensive black rayon velvet hats at Best this very, red-hot second. They're all here—scalloped calots with loops at the sides, high turbans with open, roll-edged crowns, and half bonnets trimmed with bows and a nose veil. Prices range from $3.95 to $5. . . . Lord & Taylor have handbags with white rayon gabardine

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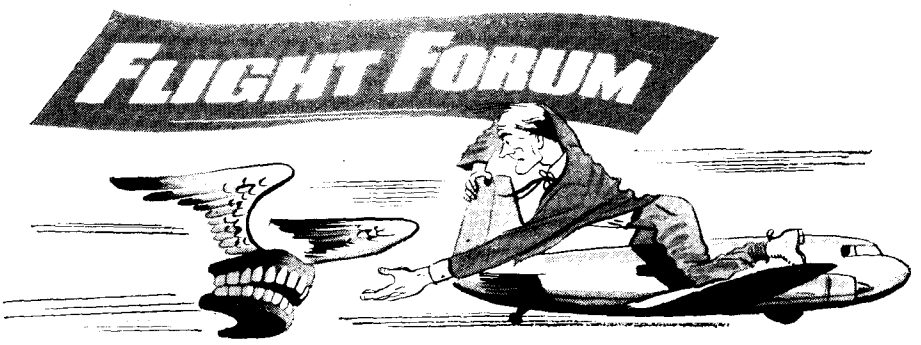

How a man can forget his false teeth is puzzling. Maybe it was the early flight from New York but the awful truth wasn't discovered until the hostess served breakfast over Trenton. A frantic wire put the teeth aboard a following plane. All the way to California, the passenger drank milk while his teeth trailed 300 miles behind. In Los Angeles, he mentally gnashed his teeth for two hours, until the second Cyclone-powered Douglas plane arrived. With teeth finally clapped in place, he rushed for a steak.

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That incident, plus shipments of porpoise milk, mummies and monkeys, along with medicines and machinery parts, have given air cargo a dual reputation of zaniness and dire emergency.

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Yet air cargo is actually changing American merchandising. It can cut costs, extend markets and increase sales. *There's no emergency involved—just sound sales.* For instance, it costs only $3 to fly a $3,000 fur coat 1,500 miles. Six samples can be shown a customer overnight, with a major saving in inventory.

• • •

It costs only 54 cents to fly a pair of women's shoes the same distance. Dealers can keep small but modern stocks on hand. Replacements arriving overnight enable them to ride the crest of a style fad and end up neatly in a photo finish with the fad's exit and sale of the last pair of fad shoes.

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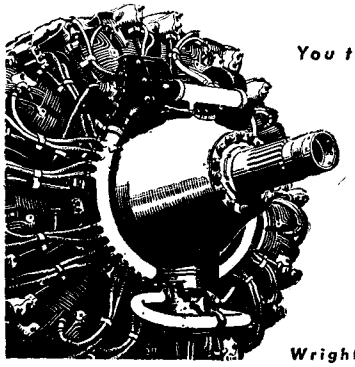
In a similar, routine manner, as exciting as delivering a ton of coal on Elm Street, shipments of drugs, dresses, flowers, jewelry, printing material and some choice fruits and vegetables move by air cargo for the same merchandising reasons. Costs of inventories, warehousing, icing, packing, spoilage, and insurance are lower. And it's the final cost that counts, not just shipping rates.

• • •

Air cargo rates are moving down from highs set when planes were few and loads light. New planes powered by Wright Cyclones—such as the Curtiss Commando, Lockheed Constellation and Boeing Stratocruiser—are cutting costs further. Then more commodities will move with a profit both to shipper and carrier. That makes possible more volume, still lower rates and still more volume. It happened with rails, ships and trucks, and now with air. It's the pleasant counter-rotation of a vicious circle.



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slip-cover outsides that may be removed for laundering. Envelopes, with or without shoulder straps, are $3; largish drawstring pouches are $5; both are plus tax.

All is Vanity: Jungst, now at the Hotel Madison, is a champ among hairdressers—no dramatics, no cooing over Madame, simply good hairdressing. People with long bobs swear by his permanent. He likes to do the entire head, so that there is no line of demarcation where the wave starts; and he manages to achieve a flat top and easily curling ends. . . . Lura de Gez, at 714 Fifth Avenue (56th), is one of the few hairdressers in town who does a brush-set after a shampoo, which enables you to duck the drier. After the shampoo, the hair is partially dried by hand, and then brushed into a good, lasting set. The shampoo and set take only about half an hour, too. . . . Hattie Carnegie's new cosmetic line is commendable. To mention only a few of the items, her Sonora lipstick is a clear, bright red that is not only smooth but durable; the face powder is fluffy and fragrant and fine. And if you're one of the people who are still searching for the ideal powder foundation, you might try hers. It's a liquid that leaves you with an unusually fresh, clean look and not a sign of caking. . . . I have belatedly "discovered" one of the great refreshers in the cleansing-of-the-face line, the Bendel Cleansing Pads, which are utterly marvellous. They're little cotton discs saturated with a lotion that smells like camphor and takes the dustiness out of your skin and your disposition, all in one magic touch. A jar of fifty-six pads is $1, plus tax. Some of Bendel's other recent ventures include a skin lotion that is a stimulating, mild astringent, and, for babies, some new oil, sachet, and soap. Lovely, lovely stuff, with the sachet and soap delicately scented. Babes as well as babies would adore them. . . . Scandia's cosmetics have long been admired by connoisseurs, and this house has now brought out three perfumes. Fifty-second Street is a light, easygoing summer scent, Remember is still sweet but getting a touch more ominous, and Tropical Night is brewed to flare the nostrils of the nearest male. All three can be found at the Scandia salon and at Saks-Fifth Avenue.—L. L.

•

"It was my carving knife he hit him with," Mrs. Urban said. "But not my largest one."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Oh, well, then . . .

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LETTER FROM NUREMBERG

JULY 7 (BY WIRELESS)

I READ today in one of the throwaways the Germans now have for newspapers that Julius Streicher, the sixty-year-old former Gauleiter of Franconia, claims, from his Salzburg cell, to have been misquoted and misinterpreted by the press, both domestic and foreign, throughout his career. He says, in an effort to set the record straight, that he never knew anything about the German concentration camps, that he hated Himmler, and that he has always been opposed to the use of force. Now it is, of course, possible that Streicher has been misquoted and misinterpreted. I must admit that there are a few unscrupulous members of the press who occasionally misconstrue the words and actions of eminent men. Also, as editor and publisher of the homey little newspaper called *Der Stürmer*, Streicher was himself a member of the press, and it is a known fact he did not get on well with certain journalistic colleagues of his in Nuremberg, where he had his headquarters, so he has reason to be suspicious.

There were, for example, the local *Kleinkunstkritiker*, or critics of the minor arts. Streicher is an amateur landscape painter of considerable talent. (An officer in the American Eightieth Division, now in Germany, who in civilian life was connected with the Knoedler Galleries, has collected a number of Streicher's canvases, and someday New Yorkers may be able to judge the Gauleiter's talent for themselves.) As one endowed with artistic feeling, Streicher naturally had the deepest sympathy for all artists, no matter what fields they exercised their creative gifts in. Two art forms he particularly relished were vaudeville and the *Zweideutungennachtlokal*, or cabaret specializing in double-entendre. One morning he summoned every *Kleinkunstkritiker* in Nuremberg to the Apollo Vaudeville Theatre, and while the Gauleiter and his staff looked on, each *Kritiker* was made in turn to go up on the stage and clamber over a comedy-acrobat's wobbling, seesaw ladder, "in order," as the Gauleiter explained, "to realize personally how difficult the work of artists is."

On another occasion, a brash young *Kleinkunstkritiker* gave a *Zweideutungennachtlokalansager*, or M.C., a bad notice. The M.C. was a favorite of the Gauleiter's, so on the night following the publication of the review, the entire journalistic fraternity of Nuremberg, as well as the police commissioners and other civil authorities, were invited to the *Nachtlokal* at which this M.C. performed. After the guests had arrived and had been seated in the already crowded establishment, the orchestra played a fanfare. The Gauleiter stood up, read the offensive critique aloud, and called upon its author to apologize. Instead, the heretic delivered a Franconian version of the Bronx cheer in the Gauleiter's direction, lighted a cigarette, tossed the match over his shoulder, and departed. In describing this incident to me, an elderly editor who had been present said that Streicher was so appalled by the young fellow's lack of breeding that "he simply stared at him like a drenched poodle."

The journalists used to give an annual Mardi Gras ball in Nuremberg. The last one they gave was in 1939. The Gauleiter was naturally the ball's chief patron, and the journalists discussed their plans with him well in advance. My editor friend told me that Streicher's principal contribution to the discussions was the proposal that the dancing girls who were to entertain should wear no clothes. "*Kein Tanzgirl war ihm schlecht genug für sein Amüsment*," my informant continued, which would translate roughly as, "No dancing girl was too wild for the kind of fun he went in for." The press ball was not the success the journalists had hoped for. Things had just got rolling when word was received that Hans Koenig, Streicher's young adjutant, had committed suicide. Hans had been keeping company not with a *Tanzgirl* but with an *Operettengirl*, who had found herself in what my friend delicately described as *gesegneten Umständen*, or blessed circumstances, and was being far from reasonable about her predicament. Driving her to the ball, Hans raced his car into a tree, carefully jumping to safety just before the crash. After reporting the mishap to the police, he went home and blew his brains out with a pistol which, some said, had been presented to him by order of the chief of police. The ball went to pieces when the news of this tragedy got around. The next day Gauleiter Streicher ordered all the city's schools and factories closed in mourning. Hans's funeral was attended by detachments of brown shirts, black shirts, and members of the Labor Front, or no shirts.

UNUSUAL men are generally unusual looking, and the Gauleiter, or Frankenführer (Leader of the Franks), as Streicher preferred to be called, is both. Although only about five feet six inches in height, he weighs

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around 190 in tip-top form, and his thick, underslung body is a seemingly inexhaustible storage battery of Nordic vigor. His head is shaped like an egg, the large end uppermost, and the only hair on it is a pair of bushy eyebrows and a mustache, which in size and trim is practically a replica of the Frankenführer's own Führer's. Streicher's complexion, as might be expected in so full-blooded a man, is florid. Perhaps the most arresting feature of his face is his eyes—their blue areas blazing, their whites apparently stitched on with red thread. Beneath his chin hang dewlaps like those of a prize mastiff.

The Frankenführer, always in uniform and wearing his Iron Crosses of the First and Second Class and his *Tapferkeit* ribbon from the last war, was almost as familiar to Nurembergers as their Bratwurst Glöcklein, that beautiful sausage-and-beer dispensary which has stood by the Saint Sebaldus Church for more than four hundred years. People around Nuremberg cannot remember ever having seen Streicher on a horse, but he always carried a riding whip. He did this because some irresponsible journalist of the foreign press once referred to him as "the bloody scourge of Franconia," and it appealed to his sense of humor to carry the accouterment of that rôle. Streicher unquestionably possessed a strong sense of humor. Once he accompanied a condemned criminal to the gallows, travelling with him all the way from Nuremberg to Munich because he wanted to observe at first hand the fear of certain death. The pair made the journey by train in a private compartment, and drove from the station to the scaffold in a limousine which the Party heads in Munich had put at the Frankenführer's disposal. "I didn't even clear expenses," was Streicher's jovial report on this safari. "The fellow didn't show the slightest fear of death whatever."

There was a broad streak of Foxy Grandpa in the Gauleiter. When he wanted a swimming pool dug on the grounds of his *Gauleiterpalast*, he summoned all the local Party big shots, police commissioners, and male Nurembergers prominent in the arts and sciences to a meeting on the site. Shovels were pressed into their hands, and then in the interests of Party harmony they went to work. When the pool was ready for use, the Frankenführer invited what my editor friend called *ein Dutzend zweifelhafter Mädchen*—"a dozen questionable girls"—and had them all jump in together "*im totalen Evakostüm*." The other day an American lieutenant of my acquaintance visited the Streicher country place, which is about a half hour's drive from Nuremberg, and brought back with him, as a souvenir from the Frankenführer's library, a fat volume called "Der Aufang der Menschheit" ("The Rise of Mankind"), by a scientist named Hermann Wirth. In his billet that evening, the lieutenant idly examined his souvenir. "This looks kind of dull," he remarked to a friend as he leafed through the pages. Then he whistled softly and said, "Uh-oh!" He had come across a tucked-in photograph of the Frankenführer and what must have been a *Tanzgirl*, both of them *im totalem Evakostüm*.

JUST as Adolf Hitler, the leader of the Germans, was no German, so Julius Streicher, the leader of the Franks, is no Frank. He was born on Lincoln's Birthday, in 1885, in the village of Fleinheim, in the state of Württemberg, which makes him a *Schwabe*, or Swavian. Among Germans generally, the *Schwaben* are considered both more serious-minded and dreamier than the Franks, who live in Bavaria. Streicher's father was the principal of the village school, and young Julius became a teacher, too. At the outbreak of the last war he was teaching drawing and public speaking in a grammar school in Nuremberg, capital of Franconia, and was respectably married. Early in 1915 his wife gave birth to Lothar, the first of their two sons. Streicher then joined the Army and became a lieutenant. In this war, Lothar, who had studied journalism and political economy at the University of London, served as a Luftwaffe pilot, while his younger brother, Elmar, who seemed to reflect the dreamy side of his Swavian heritage, won a commission in the S.S.

Streicher first attracted attention in political circles late in 1919, when he appeared in the streets of Nuremberg wearing the red brassard of the Communist Party, in whose local organization he held the position of adviser to recently discharged soldiers. He particularly attracted the attention of a committee of five prominent businessmen who were eager to bring law, order, and prosperity back to Nuremberg. They thought he would make a brilliant speaker in the cause of law and order, and offered him two hundred marks a speech. At the same time he was approached by a man named Ludwig Kaefer, who was convinced that Ger-

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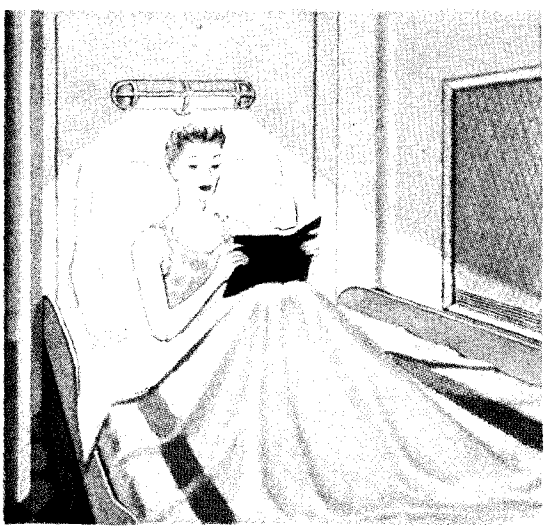

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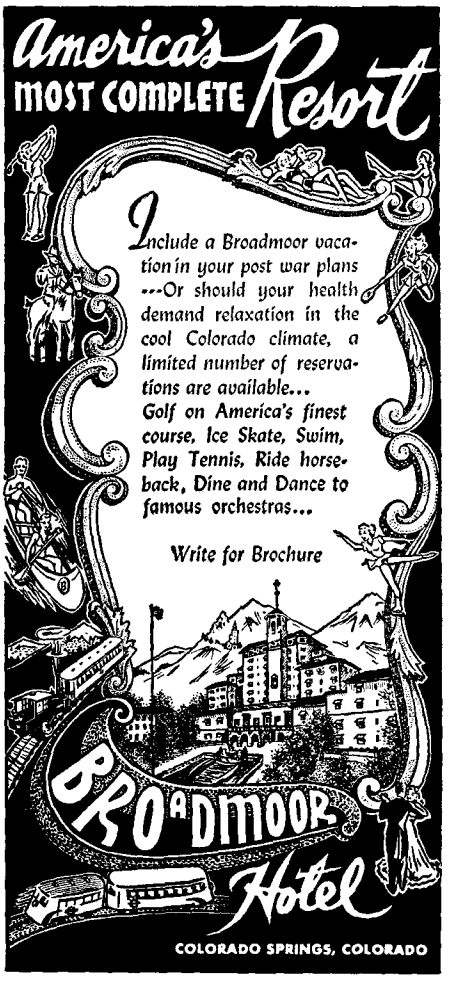
many's current woes were all attributable to Catholics and Jews, and could be overcome only by exterminating Catholics and Jews. To this end he had formed a group called the National Workers Party. Young Streicher joined both the businessmen's committee and Kaefer's party. When the businessmen heard his pleas for the extermination of Catholics and Jews, they were somewhat dismayed, since there was a large and prominent Jewish community in Nuremberg, and in Bavaria the proportion of Catholics to the rest of the population was one of the highest on earth. Later, Kaefer was dismayed, too, when he examined his party's books and noticed the irregularities of his new colleague's arithmetic. So magnetic was the Streicher personality, however, that he managed to keep both the businessmen and Kaefer on his hook. What the Nuremberg Communist local thought of it all has been forgotten.

Meanwhile, in Munich, Adolf Hitler was building up his National Socialist German Workers Party, although at the time it had fewer members than the National Workers Party of Kaefer and Streicher. Kaefer visited Hitler in Munich and on his return spoke highly of him to Streicher, at whose invitation the future Führer made a speech in Nuremberg in February, 1920. Hitler and Streicher took to each other at once. Forthwith, Kaefer's National Workers Party joined Hitler's National Socialist German Workers Party, and for a time the Nuremberg chapter was its strongest unit. In the Munich Beer Hall Putsch of November 8 and 9, 1923, Streicher marched in the front rank with his leader, and it is believed that his clutching at a policeman's rifle was what started the shooting that martyred sixteen Nazis. Streicher kept the Nazi Party together while Hitler was serving a prison term for his part in the Putsch. After Hitler was free and had resumed control, Streicher used his intense personal magnetism to obtain large sums of money, which tided the Party over many a nasty financial reef, and to bring the fair sex flocking to the movement's support. His profitable *Stürmer*, that remarkable publication dedicated to popularizing the racialist sciences, with a circulation from Nagasaki to Yorkville, also helped the Party financially. It was Streicher's boast that *Der Stürmer* was the only periodical the Führer regularly read from cover to cover. Dr. Konrad Heiden, whose books on the Führer and National Socialism are classics, states flatly that Julius Streicher was the living embodiment of Adolf Hitler's subconscious mind.

After the *Machtergreifung*, or seizure of power, on January 30, 1933, the grateful Führer made his old comrade Gauleiter of Franconia. Now Julius Streicher could at last accomplish many of the things he had long wanted to accomplish. Four of the five businessmen who had befriended him in 1919 found themselves in jail, along with a man named Kurt Hennch, who had once got a thousand-mark judgment against Streicher for adultery. Another of the Gauleiter's triumphs was the fact that the first National Party Day celebration, a mystic politico-military swarm, was held in Nuremberg. That was in 1933, and it was so successful that it was repeated annually until the beginning of the war.

The National Party Day proceedings were staged in two mammoth concrete enclosures southeast of Nuremberg—the Zeppelinwiese Stadium, capable of holding more than three hundred thousand persons, and the Luitpold Arena, where spillage of up to a hundred and twenty thousand could be accommodated. Into these trooped the faithful, and there, for the glory of Nordic supremacy, they would march, wheel, sing, roar, and raise their banners to the Führer for his blessing. (It was not true, as some irresponsible journalist once charged, that all the serried men had the same face.) At these gatherings, Streicher stood by the Führer's side with his cap off, sharing the homage. They are to be seen together in countless Party Day pictures made by Heinrich Hoffmann, the official Party photographer. The Führer is usually somewhat obscured by the presence of Streicher, for few, if any, Hollywood actors have ever hogged a lens with more skill than the leader of the Franks.

Hitler entrusted Streicher with more and more important tasks, and in 1934 put him in charge of the Jewish boycotts. The Gauleiter boycotted so enthusiastically that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the Finance Minister, threatened to resign, claiming that the economic vacuum created by Streicher's efforts had sucked in hordes of innocent Aryans. In November, 1938, after the murder of Ernst vom Rath in Paris by a young Jewish Pole named Grynszpan, the leader of the Franks naturally headed the Nuremberg reciprocity campaign, seeing to it that the city's synagogues were thoroughly burned, that Jewish homes were stormed, that the occupants—male and female, old and young—were hurled out of their windows and their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furniture and crockery after them. This *Judenaktion*, as the pogrom was called, must have cost Julius Streicher sore, for we have his word for it that he always opposed the use of force.

I could cite a hundred instances of the Gauleiter's tender side, but a few will suffice. When I visited his country home, I was touched to find in the great library a little book called *Freundschaft Mit Katzen*, by Paul Eipper. Even more touching than any treatise on man's friendship with cats was a collection of handpainted cards made by the children in the sixth grade of the village school for Streicher's fifty-third birthday. Typical was one by a pupil named Käthe Buchberger. On its cover was an excellent likeness, in pencil and crayon, of the Frankenführer receiving a red potted plant from a Nordic little girl in a blue dress. Below, in red ink, was the inscription: "To the schoolhouse Godfather, best wishes for luck." Inside was a crayon drawing of a pig with a four-leaf clover in its mouth, and above it this poem:

Der Streicher ist ein wackerer Mann;
Fasst Deutschlands Ubel bei der Wurzel an.
Streicher hat geshaffen die Nürnberger Gesetze,
Trotz grosser Judenhetze.

Impartially translated into free verse, this turns out to mean:

Streicher is a gallant man;
He seizes Germany's evil by the root.
Streicher created the Nuremberg racial laws,
In spite of big Jewish trouble-making.

How could a man who meant so much to children help hating Heinrich Himmler and the way he kept the German people in ignorance of his concentration camps?

NOW I must tell briefly the circumstances of the Gauleiter's fall. His tragedy came about solely because of his patriotism, his unfailing warmheartedness, his irrepressible sense of humor, and his unwise real-estate speculations. In January, 1940, a bill of particulars was filed against him in the Supreme Party Court at Munich. One of the charges was that he had made public speeches on five occasions after Adolf Hitler had personally and expressly forbidden him to make any more. Those who were close to Streicher simply cannot understand this action on the part of Hitler. They point out that the war had started and that out of sheer love for the Fatherland, the Führer's old friend had merely been trying to spur his fellow-citizens on. Another of the charges was that Streicher had obtained jobs in a defense plant for "three former leading functionaries in the former Communist Party of Germany." They were *former*, weren't they? And what was Streicher to do when three old friends were in need? The most serious charge concerned some indelicate joke he had made about the love life of the Goerings. To make matters worse, he had once, in discussing Goering, unguardedly said to some Italian Fascists, "When one has such a big behind, one should not wear tight pants."

The bill of particulars also went into Streicher's real-estate operations. It seems that during the *Judenaktion* the Frankenführer had painlessly acquired large parcels of property; his 210-acre farm, for instance, which he took over in 1936, was assessed at 1,279,680 marks and 54 pfennigs, not counting its blooded stock, agricultural machinery, and the furniture in its huge U-shaped house of green stone. To meet the expenses of such an establishment, the Frankenführer favored certain Party comrades by selling them real-estate parcels at bargain rates, many at a tenth of their actual value. A mansion and a motorcycle factory acquired from an uncle of Sergeant Alfred Stern, a New York costume designer now with the American Eightieth Division, were thus disposed of.

The information on which the bill of particulars was based was turned up by an eighteen-man fact-finding commission that came down to Nuremberg from Berlin to collect testimony. It did not cheer Streicher any to learn, when they arrived, that the commission's chairman was Hermann Goering, who, totally unable to take a joke, sat stony-eyed while the Frankenführer vainly protested that he could explain everything. Unfortunately, too, for Streicher, his old friend, Dr. Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front and Strength Through Joy Movement, who came to testify in his behalf, characteristically took a drop too much on the day he was to be heard, with the result that his testimony was not as incisive as it might have been. When the commission's findings reached Hitler, he withheld judgment but ordered his former pal put under house arrest for ten years.

Thus Julius Streicher, after two decades of unstinting service to his leader, his Party, and his country, sadly retired to his farm. Rudolf Hess forbade the Streicher case ever to be mentioned in

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public by any Party member. All of the Reich's forty-two Gauleiters and all Party officials in Franconia were made to sign a pledge never to visit him. Frau Streicher had to give up her permanent box at the Nuremberg opera.

But the old Gauleiter did not despair then or later, when his wife divorced him. He busied himself on his farm, raising wheat and barley, oats and rye, chickens and blooded cattle, with the help of some foreign labor that the Nazis had not bothered to take away. Once a rumor spread through Nuremberg that he had been shot. After that, on Sundays, crowds by the thousand would pass his house to see if he was still alive. How very much alive he still was he showed last Good Friday by marrying a pretty young blonde named Fraulein Merkel, who had been his housekeeper. He had just turned sixty. Three weeks later our Seventh Army's Third, Forty-second, and Forty-fifth Infantry Divisions were reported approaching Franconia. Herr Werth, Streicher's chauffeur, was ordered to get the Mercedes out, help Frau Streicher down with the baggage, and assemble all the foreign workers. From the back seat of the car, Julius Streicher made a speech to the workers. "I have always treated you as though you were Germans," he said. "I go now to defend my beloved city of Nuremberg. *Adieu!*"

EVERYBODY has read how Major Henry Plitt, of the 101st Airborne Division, landed Streicher. Working on a tip, Plitt, who is Jewish on his mother's side and whose home is at 4761 Broadway, went back into the mountains and found him before an easel on the balcony of a Tyrolean farmhouse, going through the motions of painting the landscape. Streicher was wearing a Latin-quarter black hat, a blue shirt, rumpled pants, carpet slippers, and an inch-long horseshoe beard. He told Plitt his name was Seiler. Plitt replied with what he thought was the German for, "You old son-of-a-bitch, you look so much like Streicher that I think I'll take you along anyway." All Streicher understood in the sentence was his name, and when he heard that he gave himself up. He had great difficulty squeezing into the major's jeep.

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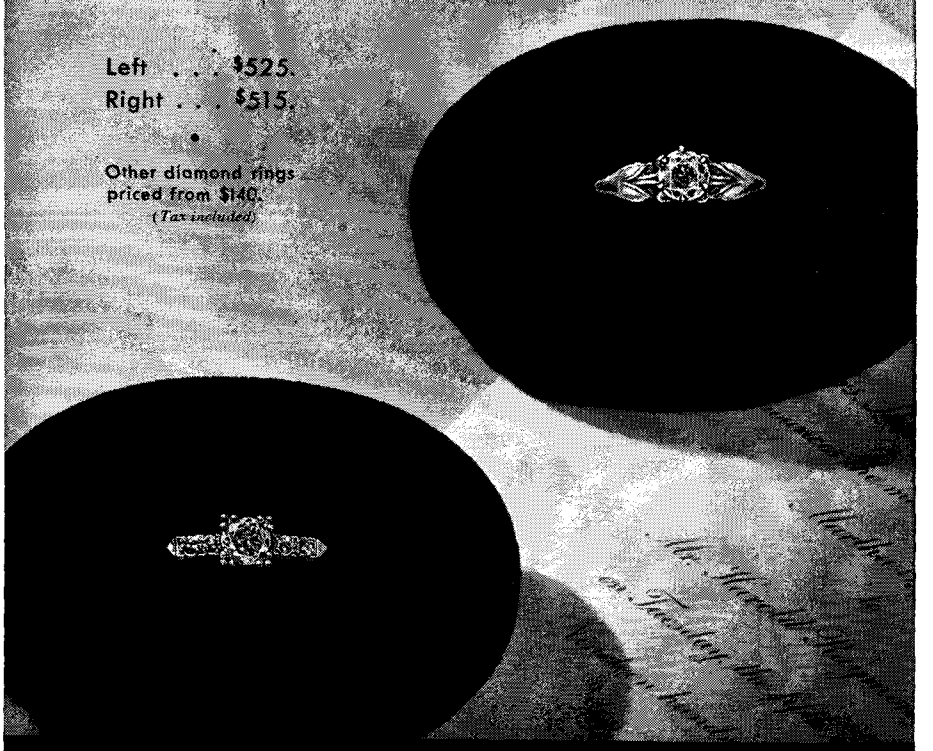

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BOOKS

The Autobiography of a Soviet Official

IN the summer of 1937, when the Soviet purges were in progress, a Soviet official named Alexander Barmine, then chargé d'affaires at the Russian legation in Athens, expressed horror to one of his assistants over the recent execution of Tukhachevsky and seven other Red Army generals. The Minister had been recalled to Moscow and it was a long time since the legation had received any instructions or information. The Russians in Athens had known only that dozens of ambassadors and heads of departments were being arrested and shot. Then they received the communiqué which told of the shooting of the generals for treason, and Barmine learned a few days later from a friend who arrived from Moscow that some twenty of the younger generals, former classmates of his, had also been executed. The staff in the legation had been listening to the radio in silence and had pretended to accept the charges brought against all these men, but it now seemed apparent to Barmine that Stalin had simply set out to destroy all the officers and officials who represented the revolutionary generation. "By doing away with these men," Barmine thought, Stalin "would bury once for all the ideals for whose sake the Bolsheviks had endured his dictatorship and its disastrous results for years." Barmine's outburst relieved his tension, but soon after this conversation the assistant returned to Russia, and Barmine presently became aware that his friends in the Foreign Office were no longer communicating with him. An order to seal the Minister's papers and have them sent to Moscow was put through over Barmine's head, and one day he surprised his code secretary rummaging through his papers. He wrote, asking to be relieved of his duties, but received no reply from Litvinov. Then he was invited on board a Soviet ship which was lying in the harbor at Piraeus. He declined and spent the day in a fishing trip, but when he got back to the dock, he found waiting for him the captain of the ship and several other men. He evaded a second attempt to get him to go on board, but a G.P.U. man stayed with him that evening and talked suggestively about the ease with which it had been possible, in China, to frustrate or murder officials who were attempting to desert the embassy.

Yet for some reason the mesmerism of Moscow did not succeed with Barmine as it had with so many other Party members—a spell which had behind it a tradition as old as Ivan the Terrible with his bellowings of "I am your God!" "My sense of personal dignity," says Barmine, "was revolted by the alternatives: to submit to kidnapping or to walk out. After the stories I had just heard, I knew what was in store for me. I had to decide where I would be of more help to the Russian people—perishing in one of Stalin's prisons or living as a free man somewhere in the world, knowing the truth and speaking it out." He eluded the maneuver of the G.P.U., announced that he was taking his leave, wrote a letter of resignation to Moscow, and got on a train for Paris.

There he wrote to the Central Committee of the French League of the Rights of Man, reporting his step and explaining the reasons. "For nineteen years," he said, "I have been in Soviet government service. . . . I have fought for the Soviet regime and dedicated all my energies to the cause of the Workers' State. . . . It is quite obvious to me that a reactionary dictatorship is now in control of my country." And he then wrote a book, an account of his life and a justification of his course of action, which appeared in French in 1939 as "Vingt Ans au Service de l'U.R.S.S." and was afterward translated into English and published in England, though not in America, as "Memoirs of a Soviet Diplomat."

Barmine, soon after this, came to live in the United States, and he is now an American citizen. He has prepared a new text of his book, which has just been published by Putnam under the title "One Who Survived: The Life Story of a Russian Under the Soviets." This contains a certain amount of new matter: the author has added a more detailed account of the workings of the Stalin regime and has brought the story of the Soviets up to date. This new edition is an important event: for the first

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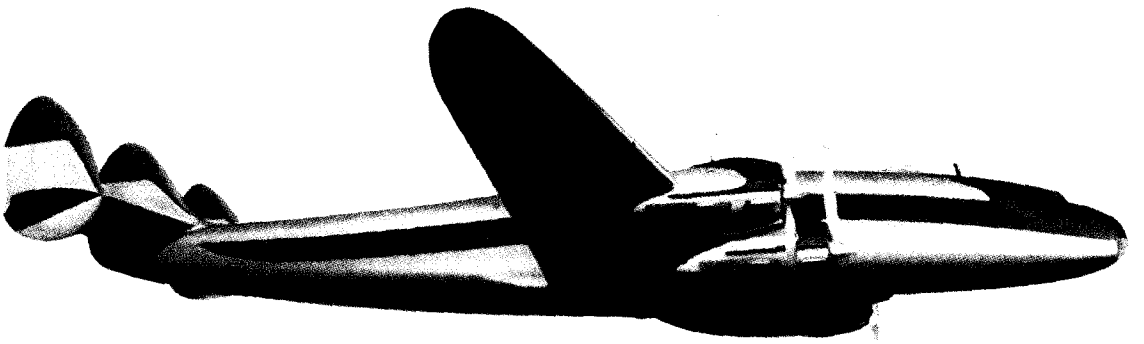

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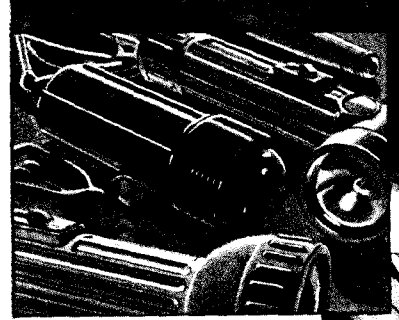

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time it makes the testimony of Barmine widely available in English.

I first read this book when it came out in French, not long after I had taken a trip to Russia, and it seemed to me the most illuminating document that had been published on the Soviet Union in its then perplexing later phases. It still seems to me unique and indispensable. For a foreigner who wants really to learn what has been happening of recent years in Russia—as distinguished from demanding support either for faith or for hostile prejudice—this is probably the one book that ought to be read if you have time for no other book. One of the great obstacles to general understanding of the development of the new Russia has been the difficulty, for people in the West, of understanding how quickly and how frequently the official Soviet policy has changed, and how deeply these changes in policy have affected the life of Russian society. Most people have several of these phases mixed up in their conception of the Soviets, selecting the best or the worst features of each to flatter their preconceived points of view. Now Barmine takes you through the whole story. Born in 1899, the son of a schoolmaster and a gamekeeper's daughter, he took part as a boy in the civil wars, was made a commissar at nineteen on the basis of his success in getting food from the villagers by persuasion and honorable dealing at a time when Red Army soldiers rarely came back from such errands alive, and attended the Red Army Academy in the years when old Czarist officers, recruited to the Revolution, were trying rather skeptically to transform "a lot of young peasants and workmen into infantry officers in six months," while their training was at any moment likely to be interrupted by the necessity of going away to take part in some actual fighting. And he later saw the years when officials lived in magnificent country houses which the populace were not allowed to approach. He knew the era when, as in 1919, "the most critical year of the Civil War," it was possible, fifty miles from the battle, for a public debate to take place, without "passing the bounds of courtesy," between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks; and he knew the period when, in time of peace, men were immediately arrested and shot for questioning privately any measure of the government's. What life looked like to a Soviet official during these and all the intermediate stages, what he thought about and what he did, how he explains the transformation of the Russia of the Leninist idealism into the Russia of the Stalinist terror, you can find out from reading this book, and it is the only book, so far as I know, from which you can find it out.

The character and personality of the author make the record particularly impressive. This is perhaps the only book on Russia that has lately been written by a Russian which has no political bias. The astonishing fact is—astonishing where Russians are concerned—that Barmine is not political at all. At the time of the Stalin-Trotsky split, he was content to leave everything to the higher-ups and went on the principle that it was always correct to back the findings of the Central Committee. It was not till many years later that he realized "the decisive part in causing the final downfall of all Lenin's real companions-in-arms" played by the blocking of every attempt to organize an opposition with the argument "that any weakening of Party unity might provoke a crisis of which the forces of counter-revolution would take advantage." He was, at one time or another, as assigned by the Party authorities, a soldier who held several commands, a consul general in Persia, an official Soviet agent in Belgium, Soviet director general of imports in Italy and France, and president of the trust that controlled the exportation of the products of the automobile and aviation industries, so he saw a good deal of the officialdom and the business of the Soviet Union. But he played no political rôle, and his book, to English-speaking readers, will be much more comprehensible and convincing for its freedom from that rather creepy atmosphere of Communist polemic and theory with which we find ourselves so little at home. The truth is that Alexander Barmine might almost have been an American by birth, as he is one now by adoption, so practical, so direct, and so sensible, so much what we should imagine our own to be, are his reactions to the various phenomena which he encountered in Soviet life. There are no apologies in his book, no casuistry of the Marxist conscience; he simply tells you the straight story, and, as Victor Serge has said, "There is not a man in the world who will stand up and say, 'This is not true.'" Even the Communists, it seems, have never said so; up, at least, to the appearance of this new edition, they have never denounced Barmine as they have the other critics of Stalin.

Finally, the book as a book is an altogether exceptional job. Barmine is not a literary man: he may well never produce another volume; but all Rus-

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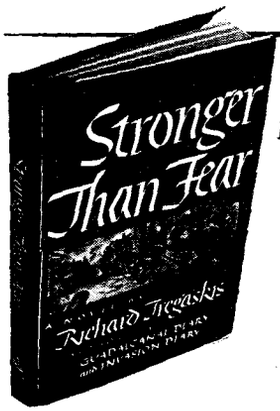

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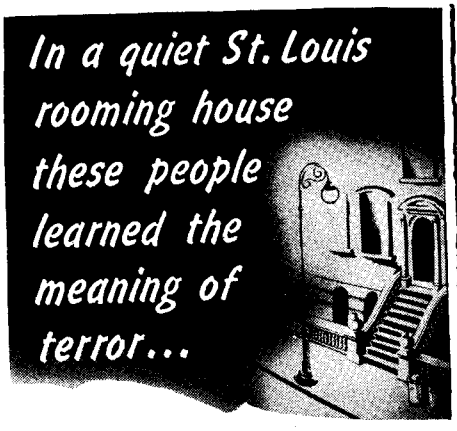

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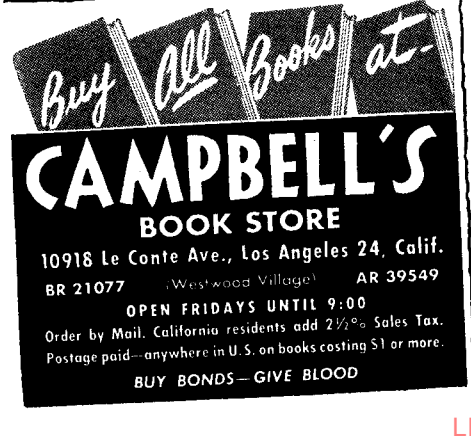
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sians apparently can write, and he has been able to present his record with a compression, a sharp concreteness, and a feeling for human realities, which enable him to cover, in a minimum space, an enormous amount of material and at the same time to leave a definite impression of everything on which he touches. In reading this new edition, I have found myself becoming convinced that Barmine's story will eventually be ranked among the Russian revolutionary classics—with Herzen's memoirs and Kropotkin's autobiography. In renouncing his allegiance to the Stalinist government, Barmine has taken his place in the line of a great Russian tradition. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LEPER KING, by Zofia Kossak, translated from the Polish by F. S. Placzek (Roy). An interesting fact about this lumbering, super-romantic story of King Baldwin IV of Jerusalem and his twelfth-century court is the evidence it furnishes that what rolled off the literary assembly line of prewar Poland was strikingly similar to the same type of goods produced over here. Madame Kossak must have worked like a beaver to dig up the authentic local color she has spread so lavishly over her medieval Holy Land, but for all her industry the reader will find it hard to remember that Baldwin IV isn't the young massa of a dozen novels of the old South, and if the King's ambitious sister isn't actually the O'Hara girl, then she is certainly our friend Miss Amber. The book isn't really so terribly long (only 252 pages); it just seems so.

GENERAL

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, edited by Sterling North and C. B. Boutell (Doubleday, Doran). An anthology of demonology. The idea of a satanic sampler is a good one and the present collection offers some first-rate specimens of literary preoccupation with man's old friend the Devil. It looks, though, as if the editors, aiming to please all tastes, had slightly overshot their mark. Serious demonologists are almost certain to be disgruntled at the inclusion of such frivolous bits of impology as two charming tales by John Collier, as well as at a light, satiric story by Baudelaire; while a less special class of readers, out for mere entertain-

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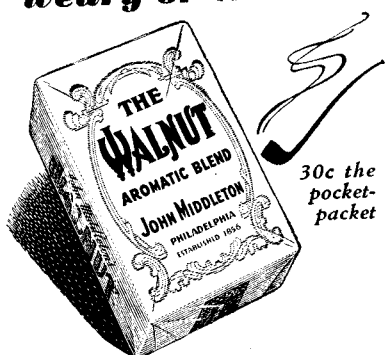

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ment, will probably not be amused by selections from Goethe and Luther. The volume also includes stanzas from Book I of "Paradise Lost" and from the "Divine Comedy," Gogol's "St. John's Eve," Beerbohm's "Enoch Soames," C. S. Lewis's "The Screwtape Letters," Baudelaire's sober "The Litanies of Satan," beautifully done into English by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and a lot more.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DOUBLE AGENT, by Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet (Doubleday, Doran). Even the end of the European war, apparently, offers no solution to the problems that beset young couples with a penchant for running around the countryside being shot at. In this instance, we have the Houtens—an American artist, said to have been a collaborationist, and his wife, who finds him in Paris after the surrender of Germany. Since Houten is unpopular not only with the F.F.I. but also with the German sympathizers who have gone underground to plot another war, he and his wife make a dash for the mountain country of central France, where they get their hands on some vital documents and where some pretty amazing things keep happening. You're not apt to be too amazed by it all, however, particularly if you've read the last dozen or so books tailored to this pattern.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE, by Christopher Hale (Doubleday, Doran). Some very odd goings on at the Jennesma estate, outside Grand Rapids. The Jennesmas, in addition to making furniture and squabbling interminably among themselves, have the plans for a very valuable automobile engine locked up on the place, and this, naturally enough, leads to murder. A Miss Warburton, a highly paid secretary, is suspected, mostly because she walks in her sleep and because a senator is in love with her. The police have trouble in clarifying all this, and so will most readers. Tough going for hot weather.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

OGDENSBURG, N.Y. (AP)—Opening a door in response to loud "knocking," Henry Parker stood face to face with a brace of runaway ponies. He closed the door.

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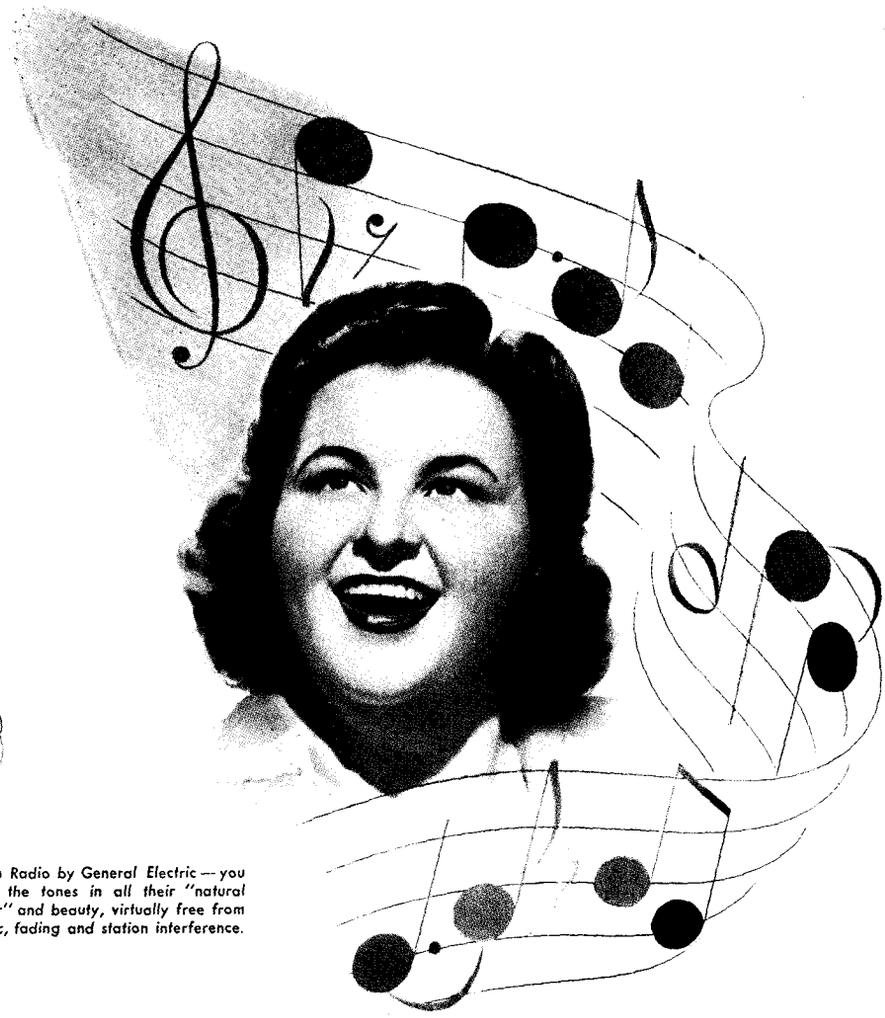
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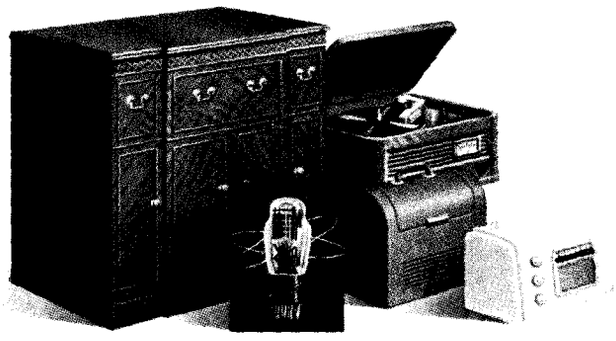
Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.*



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